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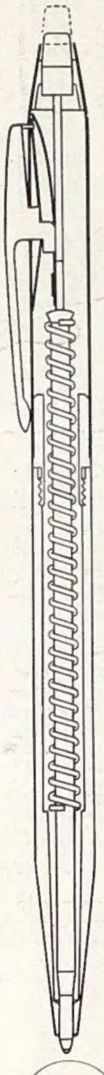

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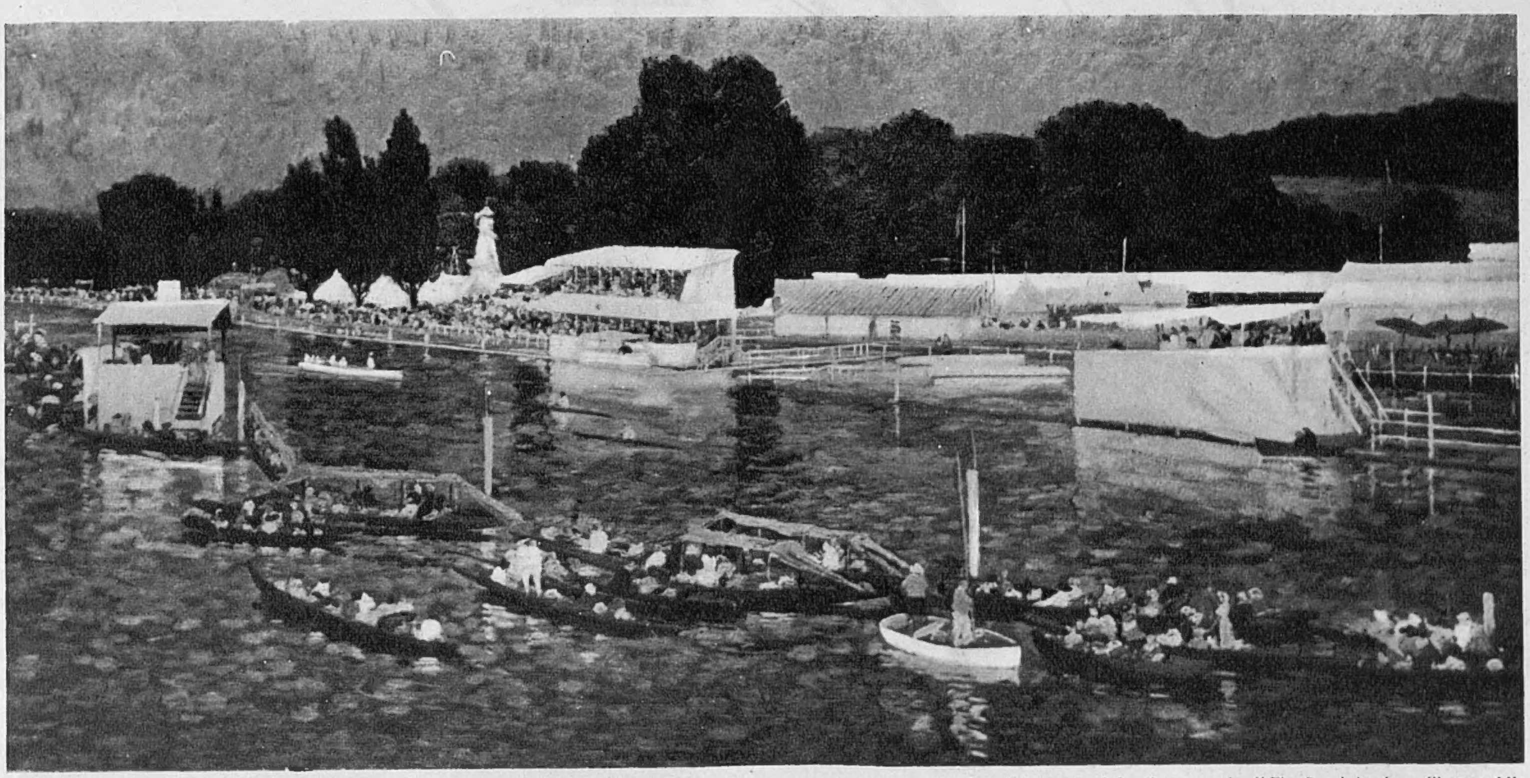
The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1954.
Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

Photographed by Godfrey Cake.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG . . .

If you don't believe that a window-seat is one of the most entrancing places in the world when you 're five years old, ask pretty little Venetia Digby, youngest child of Mr. Simon Wingfield Digby, Tory M.P. for West Dorset. Veneția lives with her father and mother and two brothers at Sherborne Castle, in Dorset, part of the estate Mr. Digby inherited on his father's death in 1952. To safeguard the property for his children, Mr. Digby has recently formed a company to manage the very considerable estates, which include 15,000 acres in Dorset, 3000 in Warwickshire and 36,000 in Scotland.



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HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA : FINAL DIAMOND SCULLS, 1952 : by W. Fairclough.
(To be seen in the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House.)
Henley Royal Regatta begins to-day (June 30th), and will continue until July 3rd. Racing crews and individual oarsmen from England, America, and the Continent compete along one of the pleasantest stretches of water in the Thames Valley, while hearty middle-aged gentlemen in Leander scarves shout encouragement, and youthful undergraduate supporters run along the bank. Good luck and good weather to a traditional sporting occasion !

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

AT Admiralty House during the Trooping the Colour, I was irritated by a face which I felt sure I had seen before somewhere. I finally decided that it was that of an American business man who had sat opposite to me in a Viscount aircraft during my recent travels. I was just on the point of saying so, when Jim Thomas, the First Lord, said : " Oh, by the way, you know Mr. C. S. Forester, don't you ? " I didn't, but had obviously recognised him from his photographs.

Although the author of Hornblower brings Admiralty House into many of his excellent and meticulously accurate novels, it was, in fact, the first time he had ever been inside the building. A friend was rallying him about this, to which he replied by telling the amusing story of his encounter with the late Sir Charles Oman, that greatly revered historian of my youth. In one of his novels Mr. Forester described a naval expedition during the Napoleonic Wars to, I think, Riga. A little later he received a letter from Sir Charles Oman saying how interested he had been in this, particularly as all the documents relating to the expedition had been lost or destroyed, and he, Sir Charles, had hitherto believed that he was the only man who knew anything about it. Mr. Forester wrote back to him confessing that he had no idea that there had ever been an expedition, in fact, to Riga, and he had thought that it was the child of his inventive genius. I regret to say that Oman, normally the most benign and amiable of old gentlemen as I remember him, was not at all pleased, and wrote back a testy letter to Mr. Forester, accusing him of taking undue liberties with Clio the Muse of History. We left Mr. Forester embarking on a tour of Admiralty House with the First Lord, who is almost as soaked in naval history and tradition as the historical novelist himself. Indeed, as one of our fellow guests said : " There ought to be a special law to ensure that whatever change of Government there may be, Jim always remains First Lord."

It was pleasant to meet also at Admiralty House Sir Oliver Harvey, and to be able to congratulate him that day on his peerage. He must surely have been one of the best Ambassadors we have sent to Paris for many years. Now that he has retired, he told me, he is house-hunting. It must be a curious experience for a diplomat, as for anybody in the Services, to be looking for a permanent home for the first time. The Foreign Office pays for the cost of transporting furniture and effects from point to point, and provides you with one fur coat and one set of tropical kit in the course of your career. I imagine that the lucky ones are those who go to a cold post early. A fur coat can, after all, be better adapted to those changes of figure which come with advancing years and importance than the more revealing lines of tropical uniform.

One young gentleman on parade, who shall be nameless, must have been at the same time the unhappiest and most popular young gentleman in Her Majesty's Brigade of Foot Guards. He was the boy who committed the sin—heinous enough in a guardsman, but appalling in an officer—of fainting at one of the earlier parades. For this he was, I understand, given twenty-eight extra picquets, thus releasing many of his brother officers from their normal duties for a month.

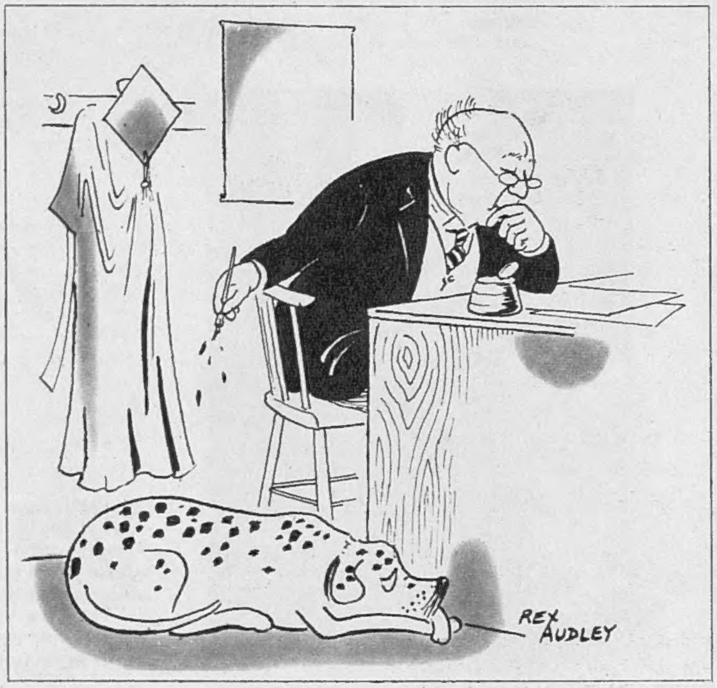
SOME business friends of mine asked me the other day whether I would like to go to Australia for them, to which the short answer was : " No "—not for any dislike of Australia or the Australians, but having done close on 30,000 miles in the last nine months, I do not wish to set foot in another aircraft for quite some time to come. I was telling this to a mutual friend of the Duke of Alba, who told me that a little while before he died someone asked him the same question. To which he replied in that quiet, courteous manner, which was half-Stuart and half-Spanish grandee : " No. I don't think that, on the whole, there would be anybody or anything I should wish to see in Australia." It was not, I am told, meant unkindly !

The same friend told me another story of when Jimmy Alba and Sir Winston Churchill were discussing their forebears. It will

be recalled that the first Duke of Berwick was the son of James II *via* Arabella Stuart, the sister of John Duke of Marlborough. Said Sir Winston at one point in his argument: "Well, at any rate, my ancestor was legitimate." To which Jimmy replied: "Yes, but at any rate mine was a gentleman."

INCIDENTALLY, I was interested to see that my friend Iain Moncreiffe weighed in very sensibly to the controversy about heredity, which has been touched off by Mr. L. G. Pine's book *They Came with the Conqueror*. Somebody had pointed out that we all of us have so many ancestors that the blood of a distinguished male line must become so completely diluted that descent in the male line is really of no importance. Iain rightly pointed out that it is the Y chromosomes that affect heredity, and that they are only transmitted in the male line. How do those who believe in dilution to the point of extinction account for such extraordinary recurrent characteristics as, for example, the Hapsburg lip, the Cecil ear, the Shrewsbury finger and the intensely Stuart appearance of the descendants of that line? For example, Jimmy Alba could have stepped straight up into a Van Dyck portrait of his ancestor Charles I., and if you were to put a peruke on Victor Gordon Lennox, paint a portrait, and artificially age it, you would have a "genuine" Charles II.

I remember shooting some years ago in Southern Spain. The next-door gun was a certain Señor O'Neill (he spelt it O'Neal). He could not speak a word of English and his family had been in Spain for 250 years, since his ancestor had left Ireland with the Wild Geese. Yet although the actual amount of Irish blood in him must have been completely diluted in that time, if you had met him at the Dublin Horse Show, or snipe shooting in the West of Ireland, you would have said: "What a typical Irishman!"



ASCOT this year was made more pleasant by the fact that White's have taken over the excellently placed tent formerly occupied by the now defunct Marlborough. Indeed, so popular was it at lunch-time on Gold Cup Day that, at one stage, a considerable queue of would-be lunchers had formed. The situation was, however, speedily dissolved by the good Mr. Physick, who, with his brother, heads a famous firm of West End caterers who have done so many wedding receptions that I heard a young lady say to the elder Mr. Physick: "Oh, Mr. Physick, you must remember us. You practically married us!"

Ascot is never a punter's meeting in my experience, though on this occasion I must confess to some happy successes. It is a meeting, moreover, where it is more than ever essential not to go racing with the very rich. They seem to suck all the available money out of the atmosphere!

Among other friends, I ran into the Duchess of Argyll, who had been amused by my description of our recent experience flying together. She pointed out, however, that I had forgotten one aspect, which was that, true to the normal opening gambit of airlines, they had been unable to trace her name on the B.E.A. list. They finally decided that she must be a "Mr. Argell" who appeared on it. Loss of rank in these democratic days can be borne with equanimity. Change of sex is another matter.

ANOTHER friend I met was a great friend of that great wit and rotund, genial little man, Professor Walter Starkie, the retiring head of the British Institute in Madrid, and we raised a glass together in honour of Walter's C.M.G. If ever a man deserved well of this country, it is Walter. It is not too much to say that his influence in Spain during the war was probably greater than that of our Ambassador, and contributed materially to keeping Spain out of the war on the Axis side at the most critical moments in 1940 and 1941.

I remember meeting Walter when he was home for consultations during the blitz. With a mutual friend, we bore him off rejoicing, for he is the best company in the world. A little later he said he had to go to dine with his hosts. We pointed out to him that it was the blitz, and was he sure that his hosts and their house would be there, and insisted on his taking the telephone number of my in-laws' house (we had recently been bombed out of our flat), just in case. Sure enough, Walter found a heap of rubble and came to dine and spend the night with us. Equally surely, on the stroke of six the sirens wailed and the nightly blitz began. Walter was most intrigued, enquiring of each bang: "Was that a gun or a bomb?"

After an excellent dinner—there were only the three of us, Walter, my wife and myself—we asked him to play his fiddle (he is a first-class violinist). Walter replied—and we had had an *excellent* dinner—"I can't while I'm dry." We had by then exhausted the suitable contents of my in-laws' cellar, so out Walter and I went, into the bright moonlight, to buy a bottle of Irish whiskey from the nearest pub. (The young lady to whom I am dictating this, at this stage says: "You couldn't possibly have got Irish whiskey," which only demonstrates her youth, as it was not until 1942 that the scarcity really became great.) The deserted road and pavements were ringing with shell splinters as if a giant were throwing down handfuls of coppers from a great height. Walter was delighted, and wanted to linger to watch the shell bursts and the many fires. Being a more experienced blitzee by then, I hustled him along. We got our bottle and returned in triumph with it. Walter then started to play. I shall always remember the sight, as, standing on tip-toe with his fiddle tucked under his third chin, swaying to the movement of the house (Georgian houses used almost to dance on a bad night), he played for two or three hours, illustrating the close connection between Spanish gypsy music and Irish folk songs. It was a memorable experience. I wonder if he remembers it as well as I do?

Another old friend who is honoured this time is Dr. Arthur Bryant, now knighted. We have been trying to arrange a mutually convenient week-end to go down and stay with him at his lovely eighteenth-century house, Smedmore, in Dorset. It is not easy to fix, as an artillery range has been established close by, and only on such week-ends as territorial units are not engaged in practice shoots can he have week-end guests, or at any rate, make himself heard. The worst sufferer from the gunnery has been his famous dog, Jimmy, who, in his old age, had suddenly become terrified of the gunfire. Jimmy, as his regular readers will recall, was found half-starved and wounded, running about on the cliffs of the South Coast. Jimmy's reactions to gunfire make Arthur believe that he must have been a survivor of an "incident" in which his owners were killed.

WALTER, incidentally, recently sent me a cutting from a Spanish paper which fits in again with my theory of the genealogy of stories. Some of my readers may recall the story which I have told of Pope Urban VIII. when he heard of the death of Cardinal Richelieu. This modern Spanish cutting is on the same lines. About 1770 the Duke of Orleans was driving in his carriage with the Prince de Soubise and saw some barefooted friars making their way through the snow. "Poor devils," said the future Philippe Egalité, drawing his furs closer round him. "How terrible for them if what they believe in proves not to be true!" Replied the Prince de Soubise, "How terrible for us if it does!"

I have long held to the view that the finest English stylist of our times is Sir Harold Nicolson—that admirable Greco-Roman balance! Last autumn a friend who heard his Chichele Lectures at Oxford on "The Evolution of Diplomatic Method" told me that I had missed a treat in not hearing them. I understand that I shall have my opportunity, at least at second hand, as they are shortly to be published. Sir Harold was one of the most excellent, if, at the same time, most unorthodox (according to that period), of British diplomats between the wars, and the most sympathetic biographers of Lord Curzon, whose private secretary he was. One story he told in the course of his Chichele Lectures will, I hope, appear in the book, as it again demonstrates my pet theory that there is nothing new under the sun. Anyone who has been in Russia or to a Soviet party will recall the extreme nervousness of any Soviet functionary at being caught talking to a foreigner without at least two Russian witnesses. Sir Harold quoted the fact that in 1653 the Swiss Minister wrote home to his Government to report that Cromwell had laid it down that any British M.P. who spoke to a foreign ambassador would forfeit his seat in Parliament!

1. Re-enacting the Catch ! Lord Lister (A. E. Matthews) persuades Beecham (Charles Heslop) to act the part of the salmon. Nobody would know an election is pending.

2. *Knew a feller once . . .* But Lady Lister (Marie Löhr) is in no mood for extraneous stories. The Listers are guests of Beecham and his wife, Bessie (Lorraine Clewes).

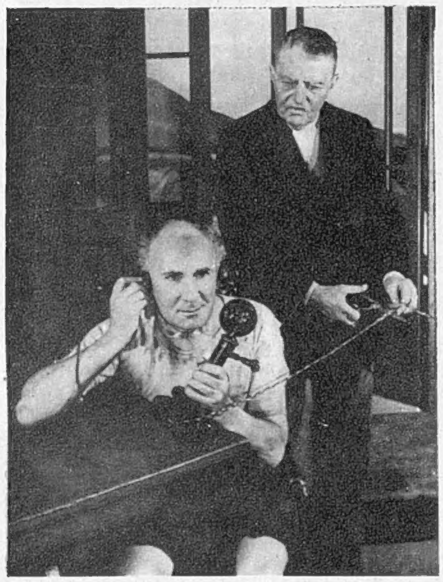
3. The Viscount and Lady Pym (Bryan Coleman and Jean Lodge) and Caroline, Lady Cleghorn (Viola Lyel) have also invited themselves to stay with Beecham.

"Sketch" Photo-Call

The Manor of Northstead

LONG ago in a play called *The Chiltern Hundreds*, the Earl of Lister first saw the spotlights of the London stage. Now, at the Duchess Theatre, he suns himself in them again in a sequel called *The Manor of Northstead*, a play which, like its predecessor, has a semi-political theme.

They are all here. The Countess of Lister in a terrible hat, her wrists stiff from a lifetime of pouring tea in English drawing-rooms, exercises a blanket disapproval of her

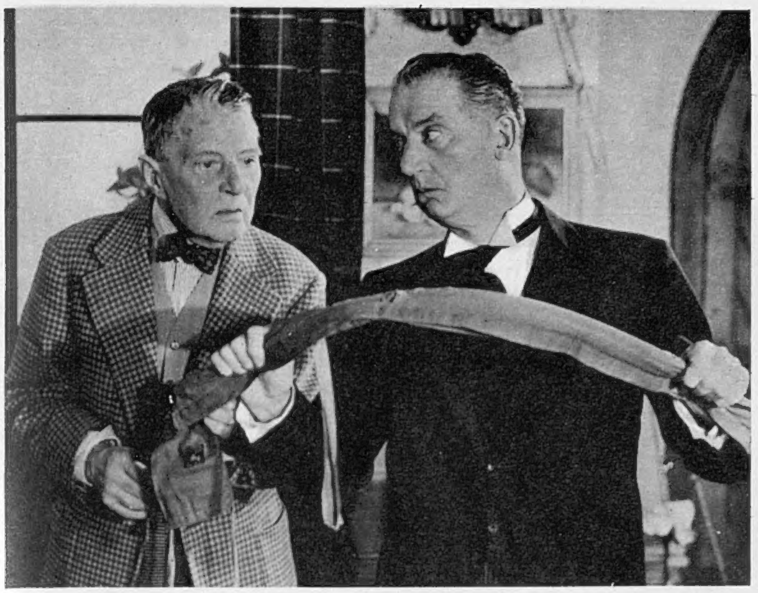


6. Mr. Speaker ! Arthur Hewlett plays the part of Sir Ronald MacRonald—*le Sinbad de notres matinées*. But the Earl is not anxious for him to be saved yet.

7. Because if Sir Ronald is kept out of the way, Tony may contest the seat as a Liberal, and win on a walk-over. Tony isn't willing, but June is insistent.

9. With some *hauteur*, the three candidates set out with their three managers to place their names before the electorate. Meanwhile, Sir Ronald has been locked in the cellar.

10. Two husbands and a father sit up with some bottles to hear the results. With each taking a drink for every victory of his own party, that's one result too easy to forecast.



4. Lord Cleghorn, it seems, is determined on *la vie sportive*. His wife has bought him a rod. But Lord Lister is not minded for company, and encourages Beecham to see how far the rod will bend.

5. The Weather Forecast. A special announcement informs the party of the disappearance near by of the Speaker of the Commons. Lord Cleghorn (Ronald Adam) listens anxiously over his wife's shoulder.

husband's sporting activities. Beecham the butler is as dignified and obliging as always ; Bessie, his ex-parlourmaid wife, wears a frilly cap even in her own house. On son Tony, Viscount Pym, Time has not lain lightly, for he begins to slip into middle-aged *embonpoint*, but Tony's wife, June, is as glamorously American as when last we saw her. Lady Caroline and her Labour peer of a husband are back again, and the same B.B.C. voice is announcing what seem to be the same election results. Indeed, the only change in our cast of characters is the addition of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the fact that the rabbits that once were potted through the drawing-room window have been replaced by seals.

Old friends are best, it is said. We know where we are with William Douglas Home's people, though it is not always sure that *they* do. Lord Lister, in particular, sometimes gives the impression of being an elderly party from the *commedia del arte*, making up his words as he goes along. May his inspiration never run dry !

Photographed by Robin Adler.

8. No walk-over. Labour Lord Cleghorn persuades Labour Bessie to stand as well, and Tory Beecham persuades Tory Caroline to do the same. (*Left*) When each husband tells each wife what he has done, the result is hysteria. (*Right*) When each wife tells each husband, the result is indignation.

11. Two wives find two husbands sleeping it off ; the father went out for a stroll. The result of the General Election is still in doubt.

12. Tony is elected. The only Liberal in a House equally divided between Tory and Labour, he holds the Balance. But meanwhile he has lost his voice.

13. *Knew a feller once* . . . This is his play as, seemingly oblivious of its complexities, he prattles his inspired and independent way. Hats off to the Earl !

The Pleasure Is Ours

On Meeting Joyce Grenfell

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

NOBODY with hay fever should be asked to interview famous people; no famous people should have to be interviewed by young men with hay fever; this is *The Sketch's* thought for July. I sat in Joyce Grenfell's dressing-room at the Fortune Theatre in a mist of eucalyptus (in case it might be a cold), and tried not to sneeze as she made up. "Did your parents have it?" she asked. "It should be only nice things one inherits, like money or a straight nose."

From time to time anxious men in well-cut suits or evening dress came in to apologise for my being there. "It's really quite all right," said Miss Grenfell, casting a compassionate look in my direction, "I like having him."

She patted blue onto her eyelids, and told of the time when, still a young bride and rather horribly poor, she began to write light verse for *Punch* as being the only way she could think of to earn a little extra money. This was followed by a steady job as radio critic of the *Observer*, which led (because she had admired his work) to a dinner with Stephen Potter. She had that day attended a meeting of the local Women's Institute, and was moderately funny about it over the jugged hare. Meeting her again soon afterwards at a party, he insisted that she must "do her turn"; though she protested that it wasn't a turn at all, but ordinary conversation, he told her to do it anyway. Herbert Farjeon, the *éminence* of Intimate Revue, was at the party. And that was how she came to go on the stage.

She was twenty-nine years old, and already a balanced person with her own view of life. She was not greatly impressed by the glamour of the stage; she did not yearn to play Lady Macbeth—"I can be touching, you know," she says (and anyone who has heard her sing *Three Brothers* in the current entertainment will agree), "but real tradge just isn't me somehow." Nor has she any wish to appear in a play—"I'm not an actress really. I wouldn't know what to do with the other people on the stage."

I'm not an actress really.... This is true. Joyce Grenfell's characters are not slipped on over the same personality. She *is* each person she creates; almost invariably she writes her own material, and builds up each character from an intimate inside personal knowledge to the point where each has an individual existence, with Miss Grenfell no more than an essence that, passing from one to another, animates each for the length of time she appears before an audience. She cannot help, of course, using something of herself in the construction of each of these people, but her attitude towards them is more that of a writer than an actress. Viewing them with such detachment, she can say, of any one of them, almost a little censoriously, "Hmmm! She wasn't so good to-night."

IT is a happy company at the Fortune Theatre, where Joyce Grenfell *Requests The Pleasure*. Opposite Miss Grenfell's dressing-room is that of Beryl Kaye, who came to this country from Cape Town; like a pocket *piquante* version of Margot Fonteyn, she came running in to exclaim over a cartoon of the two of them in a weekly paper—"Horrible!" said Miss Grenfell cheerfully. "And absolutely true." Upstairs are the other two dancers of *Three's Company*, Paddy Stone and Irving Davies, the one from Winnipeg, the other from Wales. The spirit of amity and (if you will allow the paradox) professional amateurishness that inspires the entertainment extends even to some of the stage staff; high in the Upper Circle you may see a sweatered girl with corn-coloured hair, manipulating a spotlight with the enthusiasm of a student, the care of a professional.

I left Miss Grenfell practising scales and changing her dress, and descended to the stage where Miss Kaye was pirouetting in a corner and Houston Rogers, his beard at an agitated angle, was setting up lights and cameras; indeed, the same people who had apologised for me had appeared to apologise for him. Already, from behind the closed curtains, we could hear the audience beginning to arrive. I looked at the tiny improvised cubby-hole, cluttered with dresses, where Miss Grenfell does her changes during the performance, and marvelled again that, in an emergency, no actress has size or weight.

During the taking of the photograph you see on this page, the pleasing chatter of the audience grew in volume from behind the curtains. "There was a woman the other night," said Miss Grenfell, "who took twenty minutes to unwrap one toffee paper, poor thing. It was agony for us both." Mr. Rogers snapped a shutter for the fifteenth time. "One more for safety?" he said. He had made this remark at the end of the last ten shots, producing plates from the empty air, but Miss Grenfell adjusted her chin in yet another direction, and smiled a chummy smile. "What shall I do with these gloves?" she said. I said, "If you'll give me one of them, I'll wear it in my helmet"—and wandered out, bemused and admiring, into a Number Eleven bus, leaving Miss Grenfell and her friends to the friendly intimacy of the Fortune audience, which looks like being a permanency for some time to come.

JOHN BOWEN

Guest from South Africa trying her skill at the hoop-la stall was Miss Sylvia Domby (*right*), pictured here with Mr. and Mrs. G. Schneiders and Mr. John Jacobs.

Here comes the galloping major ! H.A.C. Major H. P. Haeffner neatly balances a sideshow prize in one hand, provides a helpful arm for Mrs. Haeffner, and still manages to keep a firm seat.

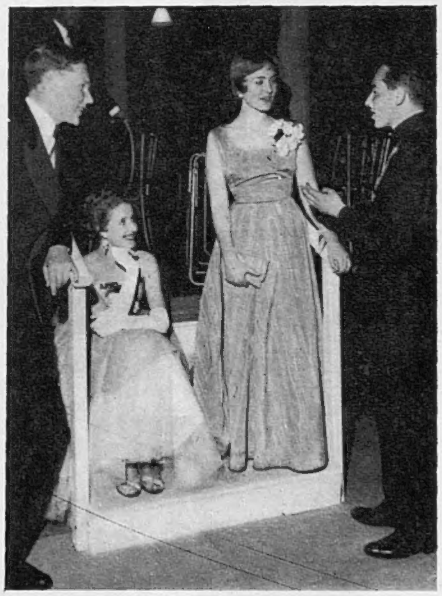
Giving Miss Jennifer Williams a little rifle drill was Captain Alastair Smillie, of the Liverpool Scottish.

H.A.C. Ball at Armoury House

The Artillery Grounds at Finsbury on June 11th were reminiscent of Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, when the Flank Companies of the Honourable Artillery Company held their twenty-fourth annual ball at Armoury House, H.A.C. headquarters for over 300 years. True to tradition, it was a fine night—the organisers shakily boast they 've never had a wet evening for their festivities—and nearly 2000 guests enjoyed "all the fun of the fair" with dodgems, slides, shooting galleries, roundabouts and hoop-la stalls. The ballroom, where dancing began at 10 p.m. and finished at 3 a.m., was a delightful sight, with the gay dresses of the ladies mingling with the colourful medley of uniforms one sees on these occasions—the traditional dress of the Musketeers and the Company of Pikemen, the pre-war mess-kits of retired members and the Blues and No. 1 dress of serving members. Highlight of the evening's entertainment came at 11.15 p.m., when, in a roped-off square in the grounds, the Corps of Drums of the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards beat a Tattoo by floodlight —a most impressive performance. Guests taking their reluctant farewells in the early hours of the morning were all agreed that this year's ball was the best ever.

Specially photographed for " THE SKETCH " by Van Hallan.

Look, no hands ! Mr. Eric Wood's bumper-car driving gave his passenger, Mrs. Betty Hetherington, an exciting trip.



Pretty young guests Miss Jennifer Schooling and Miss Sarah Branch "sitting out" with Mr. R. F. Schooling and Mr. Malcolm Burr.

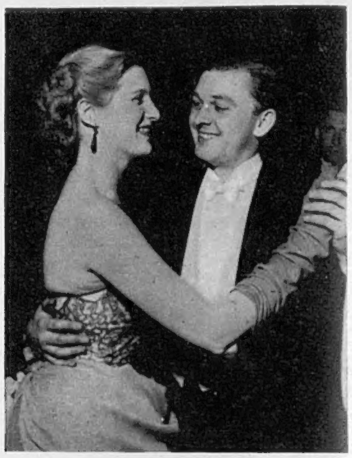
" Gaining (height) on the swings " with an air of unconcern were Mr. Brian Waples and Miss Judith Higgins.

(Continued overleaf.)

H.A.C. Ball at

A fine portrait of King George V. and some of the Armoury House museum pieces adorn the wall behind this gay group : Mrs. Vincent Ash, Mrs. E. W. H. Christie, Miss Mary Macleod and Mrs. and Commander (S) R. M. Garside, R.N.

Miss Margaret Hedley and Major E. L. Richards.



Miss Sheila Young and Mr. Peter Deas.

Major and Mrs. E. Henton, Mr. E. Parsons and Mrs. Lyden Henton. The portrait is of H.R.H. The Prince Consort, Captain-General of the H.A.C. from 1843-1861.

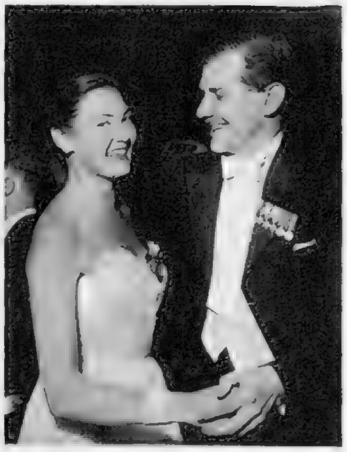
Mrs. Pamela Werner, Mrs. W. D. Pryke, C.S.M. P. S. Crane, C.Q.M.S. W. D. Pryke, Miss Sheila Wade and Major G. D. Spratt.

Mrs. and Mr. William Sharpington, Mrs. F. M. Dudley-Fletcher, Captain S. J. P. Cooper, R.A., Miss Tessa Andrews and Major F. M. Dudley-Fletcher, T.D.

Major R. H. Norman, Mrs. E. M. E. Stirling, Mrs. R. L. C. Stuart, Mrs. R. H. Norman, Squadron-Leader R. L. C. Stuart and Mr. E. M. E. Stirling.

Armoury House (contd.)

Lieut.-Colonel F. J. N. Davis with his daughter Elizabeth.



Mrs. M. A. Tyndall and Major R. G. Marshall.

Miss Frances Easton, Miss Juliana Kynaston and Miss Mary-Grace Kynaston talking to Mr. David Steel and Mr. John Mowbray in the buffet.

The bumper-cars attracted a remarkable number of hardy spirits, and here, being driven at from all directions, are Major G. D. Spratt and Miss Sheila Wade.

Seated beneath the many famous coats-of-arms of former commanding officers of the H.A.C. were Lieut. J. M. Fisher, R.A., Miss Caroline Clark and Mrs. and Mr. Douglas Clark.

Miss Ann Brocklehurst, Lieut. R. J. Turk, Miss Joy Collins and Mr. Robert Morrison.

Lieut. J. Nicholson, Mrs. Leonard Oakden, Mrs. E. Riseley, Mrs. J. Nicholson, Major Leonard Oakden, Colonel E. Riseley, Mrs. Jackson and Lieut.-Colonel H. F. A. Jackson, C.O. Infantry Battalion, H.A.C.

Strictly Biographical : II.

By Louis T. Stanley

T. S. Eliot, O.M.

OF all modern literary figures, I find T. S. Eliot the most difficult to write about. When I met him in Edinburgh, he reminded me of a quince—a hard, astringent fruit, concentrated in flavour and somewhat restricted in appeal. He is a solitary, and a lonely man is like a well; if you drop a stone into it, you cannot get it out again. It is always tempting to look for the cause of a complex personality. In Eliot's case it may well be due to the fact that he is a congenital intellectual. From childhood he was hedged about with austere, academic relations, a factor that is not necessarily a drawback, for an intellectual aristocracy often outlasts many forms of exclusiveness. Artistically the result can be gratifying, though it may encourage a reputation for aloofness which many people find distasteful.

In 1627, Andrew Eliot, a cordwainer, was born. He left the Somerset village of East Coker in middle age to go to America. In 1940 T. S. Eliot returned to the same place. The poem *East Coker* begins with the words, "*In my beginning is my end*"; it ends with the words, "*In my end is my beginning.*" In between were generations in Boston—though he himself was born in St. Louis, Missouri. In between is this man whose impact upon society, and especially literary society, has been so remarkable that he has become a legend. To attempt an assessment of Eliot's greatness is not easy. So much of the general appreciation of his work is paradoxical. The significance of his pen has outstripped the understanding of the ordinary reader, though Eliot still receives uncritical reverence from disciples who lack the technical erudition necessary to interpret the art on which they confer lip service.

An 'Official' Poet

That Eliot is accepted in academic circles goes without saying. Scholars and critics are unanimous in their admiration. He is named by some as the greatest modern poet, critic and belletrist, as well as an outstanding playwright. The award of the Nobel prize for literature in 1948 and the Order of Merit in the same year gave official confirmation to that ranking. Scholarship has added the credit of so changing the format of British and American poetry that its techniques have improved. In the light of such an approved reputation it is hardly surprising that the man in the street has accepted Eliot as the greatest living man of letters. I know that a state of ecstasy is to be reckoned among the more generous lapses, an error on the magnificent side, but I feel that enthusiasm has run wild when Eliot is claimed to be outstanding beyond the present age.

The best thing is to examine some of Eliot's works. To many people his reputation as a poet still rests on that poem of 1922, *The Waste Land.* At that time it was taken as a symbol of post-war disillusionment, an expression of apprehension, a dark glass through which life was viewed with unusual clarity against a monochrome background. His poetry had an odd power of expression, whether in quatrains, in free rhymed verse, or in the blank verse of *Gerontion.* Words were used sparingly. Connecting phrases were omitted. Concentration on condensation was marked. Many of those early lines were striking. His sentences cut like broken glass. They had a splintered sharpness. It was terse poetry with hidden, fragmentary meaning. Take three graphic examples . . . "*a pair of ragged claws scuttling across the floors of the silent seas :*" . . . "*the yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes :*" . . . "*I have measured out my life with coffee-spoons.*" It is true to say that the 1917 series of *Prufrock* poems enriched our poetic tradition.

Careful Craftsmanship

Whilst it is possible to pick out isolated phrases from his early poems, several sentences can be quoted from his early prose, such as this one taken from the anthology of Ezra Pound in 1928 : "*No vers is libre for the man who wants to do a good job ;*" or a 1934 line in this metaphor : "*The minor poet who hitches his skiff astern of the great galleon has a better chance of survival than the minor poet who chooses to paddle by himself.*" *The Four Quartets* (1935–42) are difficult to understand. As the title indicates, each poem is structurally a poetic equivalent of the classical symphony or quartet or sonata, as distinct from the suite. The structure becomes clear when all four poems are read, as they are intended to be, together. Essentially they are of the same structure as *The Waste Land,* but they are far too obscure for the general reader. Eliot felt this difficulty himself. He evaded the issue by saying that he was occupied with frontiers of consciousness beyond which words fail, though meanings still exist.

There are times when I feel that Eliot's ambition is to do for verse what Joyce did for prose. The polysemantic verbalism of Joyce involved the distortion of an original word so that several different meanings were suggested almost simultaneously. Eliot resorts to allusions, quotations, and symbolism. No doubt *Ulysses* is now more or less understandable, though I question whether *Finnegan's Wake* can be tackled so confidently. Joyce had a private language. No one can be certain that they know what he meant. The individual has to re-create each work afresh for himself. Eliot tried in similar fashion with *The Waste Land,* though without the ability of Joyce to show the workings and free-wheelings of his mind.

The Plays

Eliot has introduced a new poetic tradition in the theatre. *Murder in the Cathedral*—the title was not Eliot's invention—has impressive choruses. *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk* have conversational verse. The author claims to have turned poetry into a flexible medium for current expression, though at times I find it difficult to distinguish the words from prose, and very ordinary prose at that, especially when it is heard rather than seen. Regarding the ultimate value and significance of these plays, I reserve judgment. I feel that it is partly through their influence that we have had such an appalling welter of so-called verse in imitation of the Master. Certain critics summed up *The Cocktail Party* by saying that it was mental stimulation and had made the audience think on a serious note. No doubt that is all to the good, but I would be happier if these gentlemen discussed in more detail what Eliot has to say in these plays and poems. The author takes refuge behind a favourite quotation that "*It is never what a poem* says *that matters, but what it* is." In short, we are expected to accept Eliot as an outstanding writer without analysing what he is saying in print.

His supporters indulge in a casual but noticeable conspiracy of silence when it comes to the meaning of Eliot's poetry, drama, and prose. Their evaluations are made without comment on the meanings of his words. If Eliot's works are to be read in private by a limited group, then poetic immunity can be claimed, but when they are given maximum publicity they cease to be a private matter. Examination of the themes he pursues reveals a set outlook. Time and again they reflect his lack of faith in men. I find little warmth or tenderness in his works. The possibility of fulfilled love between a man and a woman is by-passed. Eliot's despair with the world as reflected in *The Waste Land* comes out repeatedly. Life is dismissed as a monotonous routine of birth, copulation and death. He retreats from the realities of life, virtually denying objective reality, and accepts as the only reality some form of after-life. Life in this world is trivial. Everything is merely preparation for death. It is interesting to analyse Eliot's writing in the light of his philosophy of the interpretation of life.

Social Propaganda

During the past twenty years, Eliot has changed. He appears to be more interested in the propagation of points of view than in pure literature. His *Notes towards the Definition of Culture* in 1949 is sociological. Such preoccupation with social and cultural speculation tends to make him primarily a propagandist than a man of letters. It is permissible to wonder whether at times this generation has taken Eliot too seriously. External factors have undoubtedly helped his reputation. Writing in a restricted medium has meant few rivals and assured attention. The same applies to his poetry, whilst competition in poetic drama was negligible.

Eliot will always be a particular delight to those who cherish dignity and fastidiousness in contemporary criticism. His influence may prove to be not so much technical, or even literary, as purely æsthetic. Whether Eliot's influence as a poet will be as permanent as the current imitation of him suggests, I fear that none of us will live to see. The flame of ecstasy burns a spiritual oil. And yet there is something of the Will o' the Wisp about this ecstatic candle of T. S. Eliot.

Photographed by Tom Blau.

Our Bookshelf

THE WORLD IN THE EVENING. By Christopher Isherwood. (*Methuen and Co., Ltd.; 12s. 6d.*)

A WREATH FOR THE ENEMY. By Pamela Frankau. (*Wm. Heinemann, Ltd.; 12s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

MANY of our first-class fiction writers, having long ago impatiently discarded the old stale happy-ever-after ending, have in their latest novels also discarded the happy-never-again conclusion, in tacit acknowledgment of a need for something more spiritually reasonable. Disillusion must still exist, yet by a more adult sense of values, they are giving evidence that the ship does not sink when it reaches the uncharted seas of despair, but veers bravely in a new direction.

It is a little surprising to find Elizabeth Rydal, the character who most influences *The World in the Evening*, has died before the book begins; but the device is not unknown, and it speaks well for Mr. Isherwood that he refuses to let its artificiality deter him from employing it as the quickest way to what he wants. Putting the narrator, Stephen Monk, into a plaster cast for ten weeks following an accident, is another " device " to keep an incurable runaway physically immobile while for the first time fully responsive, he re-reads Elizabeth's letters that were a contemporary chronicle of their married life. Elizabeth hardly seems to be a creation, so enchantingly does she create herself, human and valiant and witty. And the author could have stated till all was blue that she was a novelist, and still have failed to convince us that she was; nevertheless we do believe it, for these letters, addressed to an intimate friend, are indubitably written by a " born writer " whose style is not in the least like that of Christopher Isherwood! With his curious first-person-singular obsession, he must have enjoyed playing this shamelessly clever game of Authors-within-authors; inventing a dozen opportunities for inside-out observation, amusing and absurd; relic from a younger, mischievously brilliant Isherwood of yore—(one often wonders where Yore may be ?)—but merely incidental to *The World in the Evening*; just as Sarah Pennington, the American Quaker lady who adopted Stephen, is no less a comedy figure because she had been drawn with tenderness, and the ruthless element left out:

> *She darts about like a bright-eyed mouse, feeding the poor and attending welfare committees; a regular mouse-saint. . . . You imagine her hurrying eagerly ashore off the Mayflower to give thanks for having been led safely " through the watery maze."*

Similarly, Stephen's second wife, Jane of Hollywood, though fourth-rate, is still rather nice; not as nice as a larch-wood on the Schwarzsee after rain—(" *When it rains, there's a wonderful lush wooden wetness in the air* ")—but there is hope for her as there was, perhaps, for Sally Bowles. Moreover, dealing with Hollywood itself, that moon-made fantasy, one is glad that Mr. Isherwood views it rather morosely, instead of in the rampantly comic vein of which we have had a surfeit from all sides. And the episode with Michael Drummond is beautifully handled (why do we reviewers always say " handled " when on a delicate subject . . . as though it were a wild shy animal who might bite us ?). Nor, finally, is Stephen Monk one of those egoists tiresomely aloof from the increasing horror and jeopardy of international affairs; in fact, and whether aware of it or not, Mr. Isherwood has recognised that there are two degrees of sophistication; the cheap kind that stops at itself and can go no further, and the rarer quality able to pass without undue chagrin beyond its own satiety and begin again. . . . For it is not merely another device that Part III of his book is called *"A Beginning."*

THOUGH totally unlike *The World in the Evening*, *A Wreath for the Enemy* also proceeds from this blessed mood of escape from books " *written out of chaos and rebellion by cross people* "; the end again no end but a beginning, a thrill of the curtain about to rise . . . when " *le bec du corbeau a sonné les trois coups.*"

It is difficult to state why this is undoubtedly Pamela Frankau's finest book; a novel with a quest, but the quest worked out in terms of living wisdom, by characters and story, not in abstractions. As Francis Wells found it necessary to warn Penelope in a useful little talk about facts—(very unlike Any Father to Any Daughter)—" *When you meet one head-on and it hurts you, it becomes worth learning; so you learn it.*"

A Wreath for the Enemy is set alternately on the Riviera or in the Cotswolds; Part I, when Penelope is fourteen, she tells in her own idiom, unaware how privileged she is in being the daughter of an unconventional father, an English poet running an hotel on the Riviera, who lets her develop unaided her passionate integrity, her sense of duty, and other soldierly qualities so odd in that context. Perversely, she longs to be one of an orthodox family with punctual habits, hence the violent attraction of the " Smugs " who had taken the villa next door; Mr. Bradley, a rich business-man, his wife and children, Don and Eva. But Don and Eva fail her in a crisis; an eccentric, worldly, outrageous old Duchess suddenly dies on their hands; they run away; and in a scene which haunts us with a deeper poignancy and truth than if it were romantically beautiful, Penelope keeps her lonely " vigil " in the deserted hotel, and comes to her forlorn awakening of who is rubbish and who worth while.

And then, with the author's brilliant capacity to switch over, Part II. of the book is called *Smug's Eye View*, and told from the angle of the boy, Don Bradley, at school in the Cotswolds. Don has to learn from Crusoe, a neighbouring squire, very much what Penelope learnt from the Duchess. Crusoe was a cripple with a blistering tongue and a heroic soul; as the tongue was very much in evidence and the heroism kept well under till after his sudden death, most of these chapters provide gorgeous entertainment; Mr. and Mrs. Bradley trying to function as broad-minded parents are sheer heaven.

In Part III. we return to Penelope, now aged nineteen and not yet quit of the illusion habit, in love with Livesey Raines who succeeded his elder brother, Crusoe, as the squire of Whiteford Manor. Until their unforeseen encounter on the Riviera, she hardly knew the real Livesey, a large handsome man trying to do his stupid best—Too stupid, I think, Miss Frankau, to have been able to sum up Cara, his wife, by such vivid imagery as:

> *She could still make me feel . . . as though my head was a bird-cage full of budgerigars. . . . It's a special gift for disorganisation.*

For better or worse, Cara is leading lady in Part III. of *A Wreath for the Enemy*; Cara's chatter, inconsequent to the verge of craziness; Cara, supported by Penelope, her young enemy, through the agony of a recurring Brushwood dream; of all this, no satisfactory précis can possibly be made, though all satisfaction can be promised in the reading. Our Victorian moral novelists often tried in vain to be " a patent force for good "; they did not have Pamela Frankau's gift for being moral and yet irresistibly funny. The secret may be that they wrote *de haut en bas*, while this author writes on the level.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

HALF TERM REPORT
By Douglas Home. (*Longmans, Green & Co.; 15s.*)

A RIVER FULL OF STARS.
By Elizabeth Hamilton. (*André Deutsch; 12s. 6d.*)

FALSE FACE.
By Vera Caspary. (*W. H. Allen; 10s. 6d.*)

YIELD TO THE NIGHT.
By Joan Henry. (*Victor Gollancz Ltd.; 9s. 6d.*)

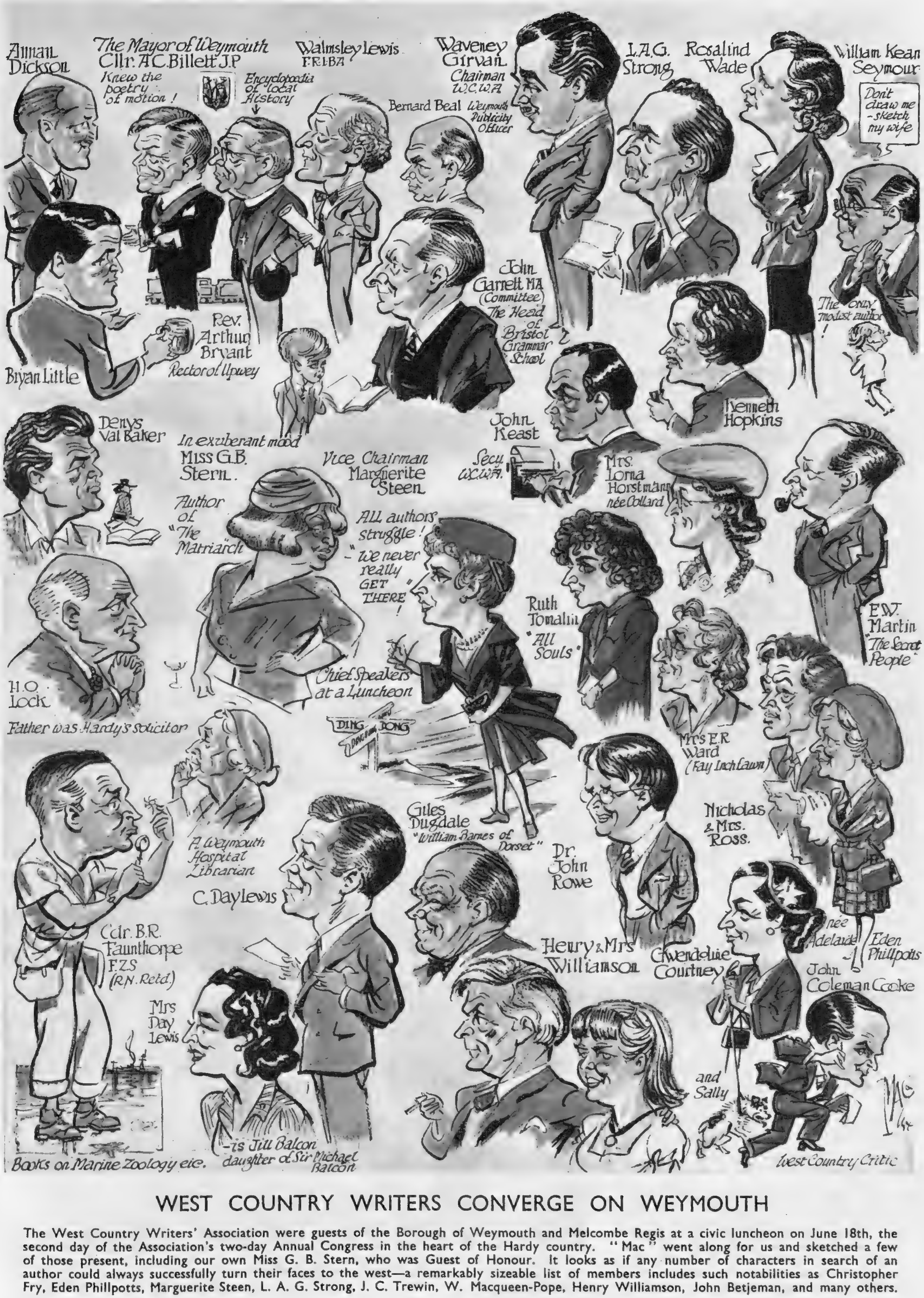
THE WHITE SPARROW.
By John Moore. (*Collins; 10s. 6d.*)

THE CURATE OF WAKEFIELD.
By David Emerson. (*Hurst, Blackett, Ltd.; 12s. 6d.*)

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

M for Metronome

(Small gremlin inhabiting the Paris Underground Railway)



WEST COUNTRY WRITERS CONVERGE ON WEYMOUTH

The West Country Writers' Association were guests of the Borough of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis at a civic luncheon on June 18th, the second day of the Association's two-day Annual Congress in the heart of the Hardy country. "Mac" went along for us and sketched a few of those present, including our own Miss G. B. Stern, who was Guest of Honour. It looks as if any number of characters in search of an author could always successfully turn their faces to the west—a remarkably sizeable list of members includes such notabilities as Christopher Fry, Eden Phillpotts, Marguerite Steen, L. A. G. Strong, J. C. Trewin, W. Macqueen-Pope, Henry Williamson, John Betjeman, and many others.

Our Social Diary

Charity Ball

A PLEASANT air of informality made the ball held at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors of the Royal and Merchant Navies one of the most enjoyable of its kind. Princess Margaret, attended by Miss Iris Peake, brought a party of young friends, including Lord Plunket, Miss Sharman Douglas, the Hon. Dominic Eliot, Miss Judy Montagu, Mr. Billy Wallace and the Hon. Colin Tennant. Her Royal Highness looked lovely in a full-skirted dress of printed taffeta in pastel shades, and danced throughout the evening. Countess Beauchamp, the ball chairman, wore a magnificent diamond necklace with her dress of oyster satin, and among those sitting at her table were her husband, Earl Beauchamp, Admiral Sir William and Lady Tennant, Mr. Jim Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton.

A tombola proved a popular attraction for many of the guests, and an excellent cabaret was preceded by a draw for prizes for some fortunate possessors of lucky programmes. Among others I saw during this very successful evening were General Sir Ivor and Lady Thomas, Admiral Sir Guy and Lady Russell, Rear-Admiral Sir Philip and Lady Clarke, Sir Holland and Lady Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. David Rutland, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest, who brought a party, and the Hon. Caroline Grenfell.

ROYAL ASCOT. The Queen gives her colt *Aureole* a congratulatory pat after winning the Hardwicke Stakes.

Private View

BEFORE leaving London to stay with friends for Ascot, I looked in at the private view of portraits and drawings by Molly Bishop, held in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. In private life Lady George Scott, Molly Bishop has a truly remarkable gift for portraying the perfect likeness of her sitters, and, with the exception of those whom I did not know either personally or by sight, I seldom had to consult my catalogue.

In addition to her qualifications as an artist of high degree, Lady George Scott invests her work with a haunting quality difficult to describe, and certainly in many cases captures the personality and character of her sitters in a marked way. These included the drawings of Mrs. Robin McAlpine, Mrs. Ivor Crosthwaite, the Countess of Dalkeith, and Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham in pastels. I particularly liked the vivid portrait of the Countess of Ranfurly, and among the children's portraits, Andrew Parker Bowles and Jacqueline Samuel.

Visitors to the exhibition whilst I was there included Lady Gloria Flower, with her sister Lady Honour Llewellyn, the Duchess of Argyll, Rafaelle, Duchess of Leinster, Lady Edith Foxwell, Mrs. Derek Hague, Mrs. Leonard Simpson and Mrs. Michael West.

Royal Ascot

THE Royal Ascot meeting this year will, I think, be long remembered by everyone who was fortunate enough to be there. There can seldom have been one with such excitingly close results in many of the races, culminating in the thrilling victory of the Queen's colt *Aureole* in the Hardwicke Stakes on the last day.

Due no doubt to the heavy rain of the previous week, the course itself, the lawns of the Royal Enclosure, and the paddock with its tall and shady trees, had an especial freshness and vividness of colour. The weather seemed determined to make amends for its former bad behaviour and remained warm and dry with spells of brilliant sunshine. The Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, and the Duchess of Kent with Princess Alexandra, drove in procession down the course in open carriages with other members of the Royal party. These included the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Viscount Hambleden, Lord and Lady Ogilvy, Lord Porchester and Sir Eric Miéville. This traditional scene, with its touch of pageantry and aura of bygone elegance, provides a wonderful spectacle at the start of each day.

A pleasant innovation for the members of Whites' and their guests was the Club luncheon and tea tent in the paddock. Among those lunching on the first day, I saw the Earl of Dudley at a table which included Mary, Duchess of Roxburghe, the Hon. Peter Ward and Miss Claire Baring, whose outstanding good looks were commented on by many people. Also Lord and Lady Cadogan with Colonel and Mrs. Peter Laycock, the latter wearing a very pretty white ruched collar with her navy suit, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd, and Brigadier and Mrs. Roger Peake. In the Royal Enclosure, H.E. the Cuban Ambassador and Madame Mendoza were among those watching the racing from the Diplomatic Box, and the Earl and Countess of Rosebery were being congratulated on the success of the former's two winners that afternoon. I also saw the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk and the Earl and Countess of Sefton.

By far the most elegant woman throughout the meeting was the Begum Aga Khan, who wears her clothes with such grace and distinction. I also admired Mrs. John Hislop in her neat and beautifully cut suits.

Many of this year's débutantes were enjoying their first Ascot, and in the enclosure I saw Lady Lily Serena Lumley, Miss Carina Boyle, who was staying with friends in the neighbourhood, Miss Fiona Lomax with her parents, Major and

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA carried out her first public engagement when, as patron of the Junior Members' Branch of the British Red Cross Society, she visited St. James's Palace to see a display of their work.

Mrs. Cecil Lomax, and Miss Deidre Wingfield with her mother, Mrs. Anthony Wingfield.

I thought the Queen looked particularly lovely on Royal Hunt Cup Day, wearing a pale yellow dress, and a hat with a crown of black velvet and a yellow brim. The race for the Hunt Cup provided one of the closest finishes I have ever seen, and the Coronation Stakes was easily won by *Festoon*, owned by Mr. John Dewar. On my way to the paddock I met Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted, the latter wearing a very pretty black pleated organza dress, and others I saw during the afternoon were the Duke of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Tryon, the Earl and Countess of Onslow, and General Sir Colin and Lady Barber.

Gold Cup Day, as always, attracted an enormous crowd. At lunch I saw Lord and Lady Ashcombe with the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Shand, Lord and Lady Pender, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Loyd, and Sir George and Lady Earle. In the big race the French horses proved too good for ours, and M. Marcel Boussac's colt *Elpenor* won by a short head from *Silex II.*, owned by M. G. Courtois.

On the steps below the Royal Box I saw Doreen, Marchioness of Linlithgow with her daughter and son-in-law, Lady Joan and Colonel William Gore-Langton, and her son, Lord John Hope. The Duchess of Argyll looked lovely in a black-and-white striped silk dress, and two of the prettiest prints were worn by Mrs. John Gilbey and the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel. Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell were with their pretty débutante daughter Janet, and the Countess of Derby looked most attractive in a royal blue suit with a pleated skirt. Also enjoying the racing that afternoon were the Hon. Mrs. Jock Skeffington, who looked very pretty in black, and Sir Adrian Jarvis, who had given a very enjoyable cocktail party to which I had been the previous evening. Irish visitors included Mr. and Mrs. Victor McCalmont, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt Waddington, and Mr. and Mrs. Dermot Mcgillycuddy.

The final day's racing was dominated by the double racing victory for the Queen—*Landau* winning the Rous Memorial Stakes, and, as I have already said, the thrilling success of *Aureole* in the Hardwicke Stakes. It was a truly wonderful performance on the part of *Aureole*, who had to give 7 lb. to *Janitor*, owned by M. Boussac. Her Majesty's enthusiastic interest and knowledge of racing has delighted all its followers and a tremendous outburst of cheering broke out after the announcement of the photo-finish.

Private Dance

DURING Ascot Week I went to a very enjoyable small dance given by the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Samuel, to which they invited some of their neighbours and friends who were staying in house parties in the district. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel have recently moved into their lovely eighteenth-century home, Farley Hall, the front of which is a national monument, and on the evening of the dance this was floodlit for the occasion. Amongst other lovely features the hall of the house has an original painted ceiling by William Kent. For the dance, Mrs. Samuel wore one of the prettiest short evening dresses that I have seen; of palest grey organza with japonica flowers embroidered in beads round the neck and on the belt. The beautiful drawing-room proved very popular for sitting out, as guests were able to admire their hosts' fine collection of modern paintings, which include an exquisite Boudin and two Renoirs.

RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW. Two charming and youthful participants. *Left :* Sally Ann Wallace, a seven-year-old competitor in the children's class, looks up at another "competitor" who, incidentally, was the same age as herself. *Right :* Virginia Booth Jones on *Criban Biddy Bronze*, owned by Mrs. J. Reiss and winner of the Royal Star Challenge Bowl.

JULY DANCES. Miss Adele Wynne-Williams (*left*) is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wynne-Williams, and her parents are giving a coming-out dance for her in London on July 13th. . . . *Right :* Miss Moya Harrison, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison, and a débutante this year, is having a dance at her home in Staffordshire on July 23rd.

The Marchioness of Blandford came in a party with her sister and brother-in-law, Lady Caroline and Mr. Hugo Waterhouse, the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Russell, who was looking very pretty in a white dress, and Lord and Lady Buckhurst. Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, who were staying near by, came with Sir Stephen and Lady Lycett-Green, Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop, and Mr. and Mrs. Toby Waddington. Others enjoying the evening were Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted, who were staying with the former's youngest brother and sister-in-law, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel. Also Lord and Lady Melchett, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbey, and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Norman.

The dance continued until the early hours, when a delicious supper of bacon and eggs were served. Among the last to leave were Major and Mrs. Jack Hirsch, who had come down from London, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hudson with Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckney.

Tennis at Hurlingham Club

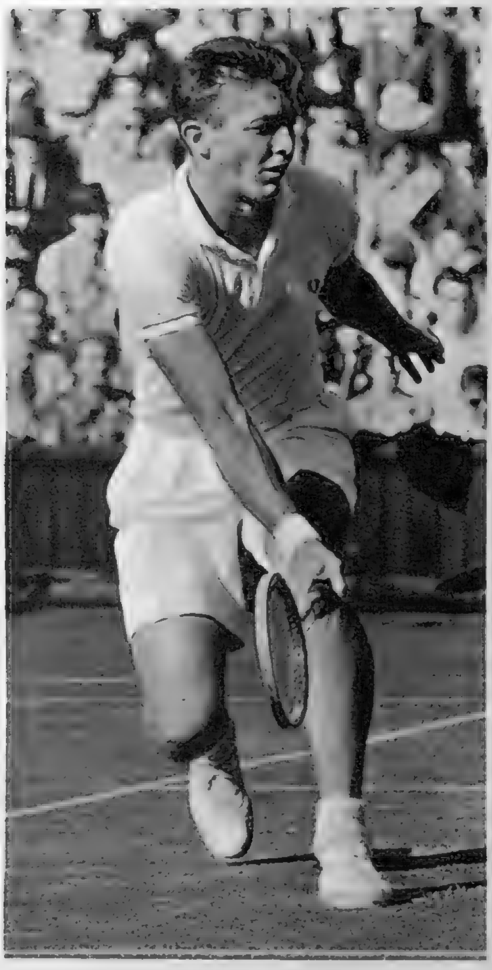
AFTER five days' racing at Ascot, it was very pleasant to spend a lovely summer afternoon watching an exhibition of tennis at Hurlingham. This was sponsored by the International Clubs, and the players included outstanding personalities who are over here for the Wimbledon season which started the next day.

I watched a match between Miss Hart and Miss Fry against Miss Ramirez and Miss Buding. Although the latter two put up a stout defence at first, the American pair soon showed their overwhelming mastery of the game. After a pleasant interval, during which I had tea and then wandered round the lovely grounds, I watched the mixed doubles with Miss Maureen Connolly and L. Hoad against Miss P. Ward and J. Barratt. The enchanting tennis dress worn by "Little Mo," with its insets of embroidered poodles round the skirt and on the shoulders, very nearly intrigued me as much as her superb playing! Watching the tennis that afternoon were His Excellency the Greek Ambassador and Madame Mostras, Commander and Mrs. Michael Parker, Lord Dunboyne, and Mr. Gavin Welby with the Hon. Mrs. Roger Mostyn.

Forthcoming Events

On Monday, July 12th, Miss Vacani's Children's Matinée is being held at the Scala Theatre in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Four hundred children will be taking part, the eldest of whom will be five years old and the youngest, two. Tickets may be obtained from Lady Braithwaite, 8, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

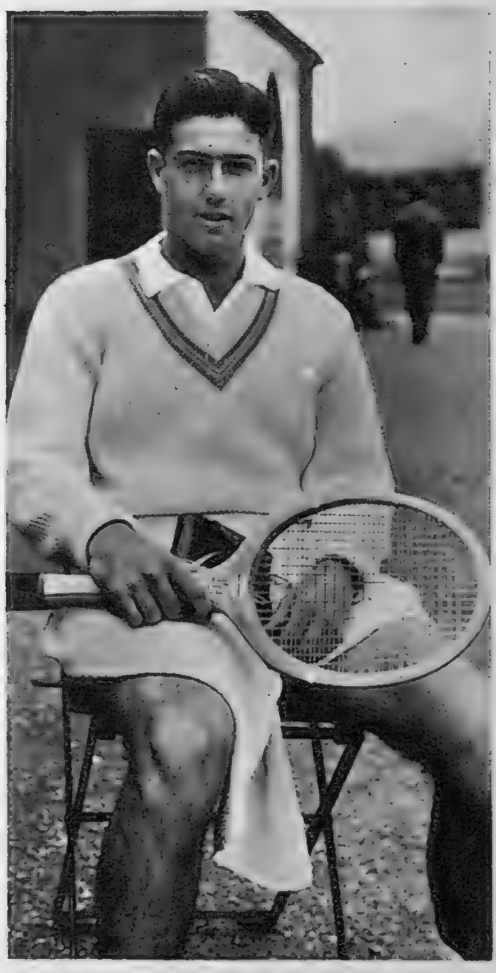
Helena



T. Trabert (U.S.A.).

Victor Seixas (U.S.A.), defending Champion.

Lewis Hoad (Australia).



Ken Rosewall (Australia).

WIMBLEDON

When the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships began for the 68th time at the All England Club, we anticipated that the standard of play would be high. That hope has been fulfilled. The draw produced a situation pregnant with possibilities. Lew Hoad was hemmed in by four crack Americans in the top half, whilst Tony Trabert had the attention of three formidable Australians in the lower half—potential obstacles if the rivalry between these two players had to be resumed. When they met in the Davis Cup at Melbourne, Hoad won after 62 exhausting games. There have been the usual upsets—no Wimbledon runs entirely to form—but when the Doherty gates close for another year it is clear that the champions will be worthy of their titles.

Personalities have been as rich as ever. We have had the alertness of Budge Patty hiding under a lackadaisical cloak; the needle-sharpness of the superstitious Art Larsen; the phlegmatic Herbert Flam, unseeded but impressive; the impassive Jaroslav Drobny; the bean-stalk length of Bob Falkenburg, the 1948 winner; the dynamic stroke-play of Rex Hartwig; the laboured but effective style of Hugh Stewart; the insouciance of Victor Seixas; the volatile Gardnar Mulloy; the youthful experience of Mervyn Rose; the coolness of Ken Rosewall; the charm of Louise Brough; the courage of Doris Hart. If I had to construct a machine-made tennis player, I would make it play exactly like Hoad, the calculating product of the rigid training methods imposed by the Australian team manager, Harry Hopman.

Tony Trabert hit the headlines. Here was a burly American who swept the board in the American Championship last autumn, added the French title, and announced his intention of turning professional if the Wimbledon title was added to the list. Not since the days of Kramer has such a determined individual appeared on the lawns of Wimbledon. Certain critics have tried to compare Trabert with Tilden, but a match between "Big Bill" in the early 'twenties and the best that we have seen to date could go one way only. Trabert's forehand would provide inadequate defence against a fierce sliced-drive attack. It was good to catch a fleeting glimpse of Jean Borotra, the bounding Basque—*vive la France!* No player has given such personality and colour to Wimbledon. Even now Borotra's game still bubbles with tricks, energy and gestures.

Wimbledon is proving once more that an all-court game does not happen by accident. There is nothing haphazard about the stroke production of players like Trabert, Hoad, Seixas, Drobny, Brough, Hart and Connolly. Every detail is under control. Nothing is left to chance. The rhythm of the swing, footwork, balance and weight distribution are impeccable. To study players such as these is equivalent to watching the full range of tennis. The opportunity occurs at Wimbledon where the enthusiast could watch this year the stars of thirty-five nations in action. Yet few have taken advantage of the lessons that could be learnt. The reason is simple. The majority of spectators are only affected by the excitement of the hour. The scoreboard registers their reactions. They watch

Miss Shirley Fry (U.S.A.).

Miss Louise Brough (U.S.A.).

Miss Maureen Connolly (U.S.A.), reigning Champion.

COMMENTARY

the players, appreciate their skill, possibly identify the strokes, but fail to note the techniques that went into their execution.

Maureen Connolly is an ideal player to study. She has no idiosyncrasy. Her movement and balance are perfect. Her left arm is always poised to balance the movement of her right arm and racket. Her transference of weight is done with such perfection of timing that it is imperceptible to the eye except as a graceful step forward. Then, take the service of Rosewall. The whole action of throwing up the ball and swinging the racket is performed in one simple movement. There is no question of the Australian's looking to see where the ball is. The rhythm is known by heart. The timing is automatic. The cannon-ball service of Trabert is worth noting as it zooms flat straight down the middle, picking the chalk off the centre line: the real service of a champion.

For fourteen days the finger-prints of style are on view. There is no rigid standardisation, for the tennis stroke is essentially individualistic. Allowing for idiosyncrasies, it is interesting and instructive to note which fundamentals are observed by this year's leading players. A well-worn truism tops the list. Every player watches the ball intently. No one is caught with the head up as the swing develops. There is no attempt to pin-point the spot where the ball is going to be hit, to locate an opponent before the ball hits the racket-strings.

Footwork comes next. Generally speaking, it is correct to say that the weight should go forward into the shot. That is true of the majority of players, but there have been exceptions. I have seen Seixas, Bergelin, Washer and Larsen overrun the ball with the resulting cramped swing. Not only that, but at times the shot was played off the wrong foot. With lesser players such a stroke would be fatal. Such is the expert's control of footwork and body placement that individualistic improvisation kept the weight in the shot even though the player was caught on the wrong foot. The same can be said about the adage to hit with the body sideways to the net. The advice is sound and should be followed, but such are the Wimbledon styles that no fixed ruling can be made.

One feature is common to all the competitors. None appear hurried or flurried in their shot-making. They position themselves for the stroke without the onlooker appreciating the perfection of footwork, timing and anticipation involved. The top-speed rushing and untidy racket-work of the average player is missing.

At present we in this country are passing through a utilitarian phase of the game. A vociferous school of thought argues that a player's stroke-equipment can be limited to a powerful service and a useful net game. Bludgeoning has ousted artistry. Science is neglected for speed and power. A few exceptionally-equipped players may make the grade at Wimbledon and Forest Hills, but the majority of these hit-and-run specialists are lop-sided in their technical equipment. Net attack and a strong service are only part of an all-court game. Nothing can replace an armoury of sound ground shots as Hoad, Trabert, Hart and Connolly have demonstrated.

Miss Doris Hart (U.S.A.).

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Pay Here and Don't Argue

ONE afternoon recently I saw Valentine about to extract Crampton's tooth in *You Never Can Tell*: Shaw, very unkindly, drops the curtain too soon on the best first act ever set in a dental surgery. I thought of this at night when Arthur Macrae devoted the whole of his comedy, *Both Ends Meet* (Apollo), to a single-minded discussion of official dentistry as practised by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

Now I don't know my tax collector, though we have had some absorbing, if guarded, correspondence. I have felt once or twice that his style was a little frigid, less friendly than I could have wished after all these years. Still, having heard Macrae's revelation, I can guess what he is like (if he is at all typical of his fellows): a haunted man who hates to use the red-hot tongs, and who moans as he searches for the drill. You might say that, like the Walrus, with sobs and tears he is sorting out those of the largest size. This tax collection is a tricky business. Nobody enjoys a public admission that he spends his life skinning his neighbours. Hence the touching embarrassment of Richard Pearson as he serves a writ early in the Apollo play. Hence, too, a young man's desire to call himself an "accountant" instead of a tax official—a cowardly decision that forces him to hear, against his will, the methods of tax evasion favoured (in theory and practice) by his potential fiancée's guardian, and by a very knowing solicitor.

I came away with plenty of ideas, though—being married already—I cannot very well remarry my wife in a bucking collier in the North Sea. (Besides, I am at sea, in two senses, about this.) But I did come away admiring Arthur Macrae's resource—he is a neat, ready actor also—and one or two first-rate comic scenes. There was Cyril Raymond's comfortably Anglo-Saxon solicitor, endeavouring with elephantine coyness to explain his revelations as so much fantasy—vapourings of a mind given to that sort of thing, exaggeration bred, no doubt, of his Latin blood. And in the second half of the evening, when we thought Mr. Macrae would have used up his ammunition, he trained upon us the fire of his big guns: Miles Malleson and Alan Webb.

Always I have held that Mr. Malleson is the best living Shakespearean comedian. He is uncommonly funny, in modern dress, as a snorting, puffing Blimp with a past (and, maybe, a future). And Alan Webb, more of a Foreign Office type, joins him gloriously in remembering both the pranks in a bygone Paris—what wheezings, and what recriminations!—and also certain little matters (of a later day) that no doubt would excite the Commissioners. Mr. Macrae's fiscal comedy does not try to overreach itself: it gets the fun it can from its situation, and then stops. I wish some other writers of comedy would mark this. Brenda Bruce, who can put a whole Bodleian in a look, is present to aid us: so, too, is Jane Downs, this year's R.A.D.A. gold medallist, who has a clean, decisive attack.

PAYMENT is, presumably, the theme in *After the Ball* (Globe), where Noël Coward has carefully wrecked Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*. Nothing to worry about there. Wilde, except in the *Importance*, could be a lamentably cheap and juvenile dramatist. In *Lady Windermere* we have, of course, the woman-with-a-past, Mrs. Erlynne, who tells us: "*One pays for one's sins, and then one pays again, and all one's life one pays.*" I am not sure if Coward has retained the lines. It does not matter because, anyway, he has blown Wilde sky-high by writing a song, "*Why is it the woman who pays?*" which, as some other dramatist has observed, speaks poniards.

AN INSPIRED PERFORMANCE: On June 23rd, at the first night of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* at the Arts Theatre, the audience cheered and cheered again for the performance of Mary Morris as the step-daughter. This is the production of the Manchester Library Theatre (though with some cast changes), which, readers may remember, was televised a short while ago.

So much is enjoyable in *After the Ball* that I am sorry Coward should have decided to resurrect Wilde instead of writing a new piece of his own. The trying moments are when the original piece struggles for air. Few people except Mary Ellis (Mrs. Erlynne) and Irene Browne (the Duchess) have any real ideas about projecting the dialogue; and Miss Browne, I imagine, uses twice or thrice the vim that she would in a normal revival. Doubtless the production was rebuilt extensively on tour. What matters is that it is settling well at the Globe. Coward's tunes can be a joy, especially *Faraway Land* (for Graham Payn), and such a sextet as *London at night with the gas-lamps alight.* It may madden purists to find the collaborators so far apart—Wilde safe in 1892, and Coward looking at 1892 with the eyes of 1954. But it does not much matter. This is just a light musical entertainment, gay as a rule, decorated elaborately, and with some useful work by such people as Vanessa Lee and the monosyllabic Patricia Cree. (I believe, by the way, that Mr. Coward again asks our tears for barrel-organs in a London square. This seems to be a personal eccentricity).

PAYMENT again—in *Where There's a Will . . . !* (Garrick), which is a glum little farcical invention about a Devon farm. Luckily, R. F. Delderfield spares us too many of the local-yokel jests. Unluckily, he offers far too much of the Cockney comic. Various Cockneys have come down to Windrush Farm to see the property which, since the owner has presumably died intestate, must become theirs. But how much is it worth? And who is to have it? And what about the mortgage? And how many beans make five? And so on, drearily, into the night, while Alfie, who has worked at a Turkish bath and who wants to be a farmer, calculates what he can do; and Maud and Amy, who are horrors, go through the comic exercises—undressing for bed, funny underclothing, vinegary cross-talk. All of this is dire; but the play has one ripe character and a performance to match.

Bill Owen (*This fresh air is killing me!*) is one of the relatives, a foxy little "dealer," ready to buy or sell anything at the drop of his own black hat. He is one of your needle-sharp types, Hoxton astray in the farmyard, but prepared for a deal of some sort, granted a minute's opportunity. Cigarette dangling from his lip, eagerly or morosely observant, Bill Owen is just the man for the job. He is our life-buoy. Throughout the evening there is no other land in sight.

IN the matter of dialect, did you realise that Christopher Sly was Scottish? In the O.U.D.S. open-air revival of *The Taming of the Shrew*, Ronald Singleton spends a good deal of his time on a second-floor balcony, making an occasional interjection in broad Scots, and, even when he is silent, looking Scottish (if you know what I mean). This is in the mood of an exuberant production in the garden of Black Hall, with a lot of door and window-work, a fire escape for scaling, real horses, and some spirited speaking (especially by Dilys Hamlett's Kate). One or two of the cast should have danger-money; there can never have been so much whipping up and down walls, nonchalant posing on high balconies, arduous skirmishing on terra firma. By now, the *Shrew* is accepted as a free-for-all; Jack Good, the producer, has had his fun.

ANDREW AND ALISON : by Claude Harrison. (*Oil.*)
From the *Observer* Exhibition of Portraits of Children at the R.W.S. Galleries. (*Privately owned.*)

AROUND THE ART GALLERIES

On this and the two following pages, we reproduce paintings from a number of exhibitions on show in London during June. Both the Ohana and Lefevre Galleries have been showing French paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, that of the latter running for the month of June only, of the former until July 31st. Claude Harrison's happy painting reproduced above was from the *Observer* Exhibition, which closed on June 25th. The pictures by Patrick Larking and Gordon Whatman on the next page are from the Mayfair Gallery, a comparatively new venture at 30, Bruton Street, which is still feeling its way.

LA LECTURE. DEUX FEMMES AUX CORSAGES ROUGE ET ROSE : by A. Renoir. (*Oil.*) Ohana Gallery. (Privately owned.)

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SISTER : by Pablo Picasso. (*Pastel.*) Ohana Gallery. (£3000.)

(*Continued overleaf*)

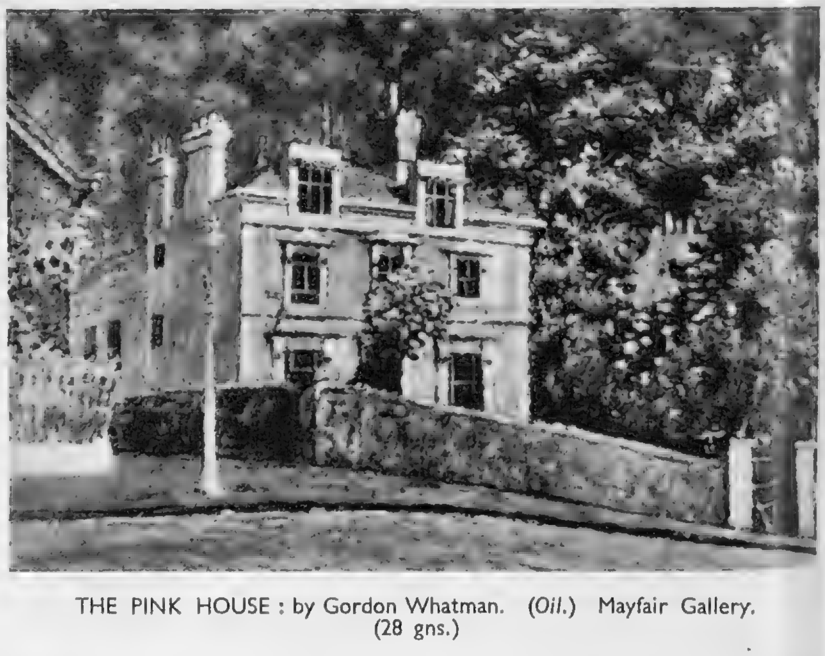
PORT DE BORDEAUX : by E. Boudin. (*Oil.*) Ohana Gallery. (£2000.)

CARON, THE POTTER'S SON : by Patrick Larking, R.O.I. (*Oil.*) Mayfair Gallery.

BUSH BABIES : by Neave Parker. (*Gouache.*) Cooling Galleries. (20 gns.)

COUNTRY DRIVE : by Doris Zinkeisen. (*Oil.*) The Fine Art Society. (200 gns.)

THE APPROACH : by Jack Taylor. (*Oil.*) Redfern Gallery. (Privately owned.)



THE PINK HOUSE : by Gordon Whatman. (*Oil.*) Mayfair Gallery. (28 gns.)

MORNING ON THE GRAND CANAL : by Chester Williams. (*Water-Colour.*) Coombs and Percival. (£20.)

PONT AVEN : by Paul Gauguin. (*Oil.*) Lefevre Gallery.

AROUND THE ART GALLERIES (contd.)

Three of Doris Zinkeisen's sets for *After the Ball* are on view at the Fine Art Society in an exhibition that will run until July 3rd. Jack Taylor (whom our readers will remember from a *Sketch* feature earlier this year) has his first One-Man Show at the Redfern Gallery, also running until July 3rd. The exhibition of pictures of Animals at the Cooling Galleries is now closed, but, at Coombs and Percival, Chester Williams' show of water-colours has been prolonged until July 2nd.

PAYSAGE : by Stanislas Lepine. (*Oil.*) Lefevre Gallery.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

Wild Pig v. Weather-Man

MY DEAR ROBERT,

Our Point-to-Point Meeting is an event we all look forward to, and as the day gets nearer everybody begins to worry about the weather. In the old days we used to tap the barometers; later we listened to the Weather Reports on the radio; now, of course, we have those nice Television Young Men, with their maps and arrows to make everything clear to the meanest intelligence.

As Mrs. Whinebite and Colonel Simpkins are the only people here with television sets, and as everybody, except Colonel Simpkins, prefers watching the Simpkins' T.V. to the Whinebite T.V., poor little Mrs. Simpkins' drawing-room at "Allahabad" was in danger of becoming pretty congested.

"It's the maiden-hair or me, Henrietta."

"I don't mind in the least, Henrietta," she said. "I've been wanting to give a Party for a long time and this will be such a good way of repaying everybody at once, and much, much cheaper than cocktails."

"What about Mrs. Whinebite?" said Lady B. "Won't it be rather pointed if nobody goes to watch her T.V.?"

"I shall ask her to come and look at ours," said Little Mrs. Simpkins firmly. "She won't, of course. Mrs. Whinebite's idea of television is to sit in the dark with One Man."

"She's asked Charles already," I said.

"And the Conductor," said Faith.

We all accepted our invitations to the Simpkins' Weather Chart Party except Mrs. Whinebite. "Really, I can't see the idea of being squashed in at 'Allahabad' when I can watch the whole thing comfortably from my own armchair," she said.

To which Little Mrs. Simpkins replied tartly. "We all know you don't like crowds." Ever since Colonel Simpkins fell under Mrs. Whinebite's spell, Little Mrs. Simpkins has shown a side to her nature hitherto unsuspected by all of us.

We arrived for the Weather Chart Party at seven and were herded together in the dining-room and offered parsnip wine and sandwiches. As most of us had just finished a meal at home nobody ate much and little Mrs. Simpkins was rather disappointed, but we covered the sandwiches and told her we would finish them later.

"If you ask me," the Admiral said, "this T.V. weather is a lot of damned nonsense," and he emptied his parsnip wine neatly into a pot of maiden-hair fern.

"I say, Admiral, take care! You don't want to kill that fern."

"It's the maiden-hair or me, Henrietta," said the Admiral gloomily. "Now I *know* it's going to be fine for the P-to-P because the owl in my garden has been hooting all day like a motor-horn."

"And I know it's going to be wet," said Mrs. Savernack, "because my sciatica has been giving me gyp."

We all aired our views on weather prophecies and then Colonel Simpkins said would the men of the party care to go up to his Den and have a look at the Wild Pig he stuck in the Central Provinces in '04. We have all seen the Wild Pig (a fearsome creature, with tusks and a glittering eye, whose glass case practically fills Colonel Simpkins' Den) many times, but the men of the party went off briskly to see it again. Little Mrs. Simpkins whispered to me that dear Harold was always so tactful about Things of That Kind. When, later, the men of the party trooped back in better spirits and smelling of whisky, I was inclined to agree with her.

But now it was time for the Weather and we all pressed ourselves into the Simpkins' drawing-room, the curtains were drawn and the television turned on.

"Pretty gel, that," said the Admiral, who was much more cheerful since he had been to Look at the Wild Pig.

"I am told," said Little Mrs. Simpkins confidentially, "they just don't bother to dress below the waist."

"Mrs. *Simpkins!*"

"Oh, dear!" said Little Mrs. Simpkins, and I knew she had turned pink, "I only meant . . . you see, they never look the same two nights running, and you know the price clothes are."

"Do you think she's got on slacks?" said Mrs. Savernack, quite fascinated by this idea.

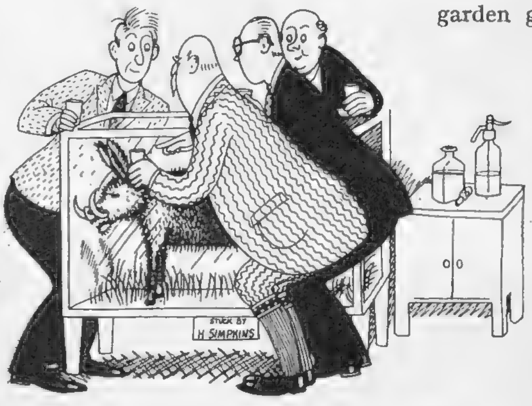
"No," said Lady B. firmly. "A neat black skirt in grosgrain."

"How do you know, Lady B.?"

"She's so sweet, she'd be sure to wear something which looked right with the top."

"Or velvet."

"Velvet might do."



. . . and have a look at the Wild Pig.

"Will you women stop talking about clothes?" said Charles.

There was silence and the room seemed hotter than ever.

"*Admiral!*"

"What is he doing?" said Mrs. Admiral.

"He only trod on my toe," said Faith, who never loses her head.

"Alexander," said Mrs. Admiral, but without rancour.

"Yes, my dear?" said the Admiral equally mildly.

"You really mustn't talk," said Little Mrs. Simpkins, who loves her Television Set and wants us to love it too. "The Weather is just going to begin."

A nice young man appeared on the screen, smiled engagingly at us and said, "Well, I'm glad to be able to tell you it will be fine for the week-end."

"I could have told you that," said the Admiral. "My owl has never been known to fail."

"S-sh!"

Faith said in a dreamy voice, "That young man is exactly like somebody I was once engaged to."

"Which one?" said the Conductor angrily. He hates it when Faith talks about her young men.

"I can't remember his name," said Faith.

"Perhaps this is the actual one," said Lady B. "Look in the *Radio Times* somebody."

"Nonsense!" said the Conductor, "he's far too young."

"That was a cruel thing to say!" said Faith, and burst into tears.

"Damn it all, Conductor!" said the Admiral, "that's no way to speak to your wife! There, there, Little Woman."

"*Admiral!*"

"Alexander!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Oh, do be quiet!" cried poor Little Mrs. Simpkins.

But by this time the Weather Report had come to an end. Somebody pulled back the curtains and the Admiral was discovered wiping Faith's tears away with a large white handkerchief which smelt of Lavender Water.

"Where is Harold?" cried Little Mrs. Simpkins in dismay, but nobody knew. We all turned to the window and there was Colonel Simpkins coming out of Mrs. Whinebite's garden gate with a jaunty air.

What with this, and his refusal to be apologetic when he came in and Faith and the Conductor being cross with each other, and the parsnip wine, and the sandwiches which had begun to curl up at the edges, a gloom descended on "Allahabad," until Colonel Simpkins said, "Anybody like to see my Wild Pig?" and there was a stampede for the door.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

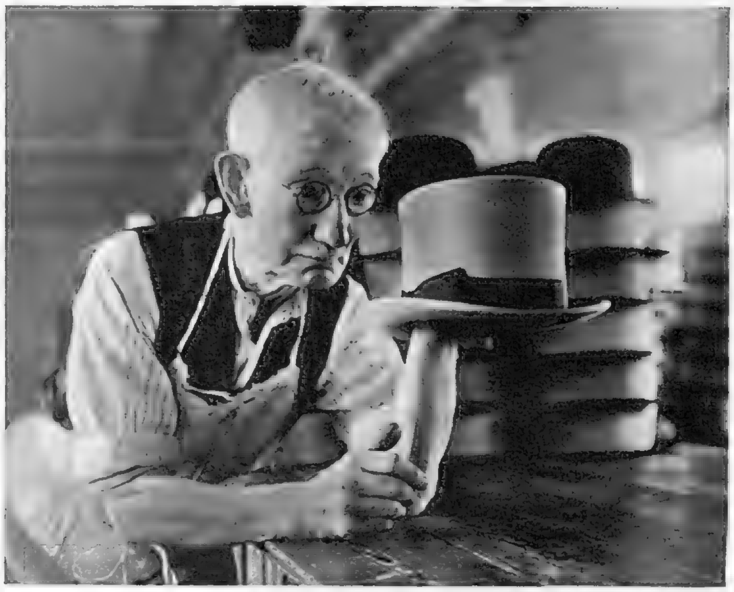
. . . wiping Faith's tears away.

Personality Parade—22

SIR LOUIS STERLING

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

A legendary figure in his own lifetime, that is Sir Louis Sterling—the man who left school at the age of twelve and made a million pounds before he was fifty. At seventy-five, he is a small, nut-brown man who talks with an accent gained in the east side of New York during his youth and walks with a limp gained in the heart of London during the blitz. He has an abiding passion for London: he came here fifty years ago, and although he has since crossed the Atlantic more than a hundred times, his heart and his home are firmly here. A boundless energy carries him through the manifold problems attendant upon chairmanship in three companies, directorship in several more, and presidencies, vice-presidencies and directorships in a dozen charitable institutions. He gave half of his first million to his employees and various charities, and lost most of the rest in the 1929 crash, but he has been making more and giving it away ever since. A veteran and inveterate first-nighter, a superlative host and a lover of the written word, he is a D.Litt. (London), and owns probably the largest private library in England. He was born a few days after Lord Beaverbrook—another who crossed the Atlantic to win fame and fortune in this country. A very good vintage year, '79!



BOB ARRANDALE : For Gearing the Ascot Look to the Export Drive.
Mr. Arrandale is eighty-three years old, and he has been in the hat trade for seventy-three of them. Here he scrutinises an Ascot hat bound for America, a country in which, readers will remember, Guards' and Old Etonian ties are also popular wear.

D. H. SHAW : For Bringing a Big-Top Type of Acrobatics to Wimbledon.
Mr. Shaw made a one-point landing on his hand during his match against Mr. Flam (U.S.A.) in the Men's Singles at Wimbledon. If that base line were a high wire, he'd make a packet at the circus. As things were, unhappily, he lost the match.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

TWO BRIDAL COUPLES : Who Found Different Ways of Facing an Ordeal by Water.

Left : (*above*) Actor Graham Rowe and his actress-wife, Jill Cary, left their wedding reception at the Stratford Memorial Theatre to go by launch to their new home by the Avon. There was no honeymoon; both had to appear in the evening, she at Stratford, he at Birmingham. (*Below*) Royal Canadian Naval Lieutenant, T. W. Orr, and his bride, Diane Buttand, supplemented an archway of crossed swords by an umbrella at their Plympton (Devon) wedding.

Right : (*above*) Mr. Brett (in real life, Jeremy Huggins, an ex-Etonian), took prizes for the Best All-Round Performance and for Rhetorical Speech at the annual matinée this month of the Central School, playing Alceste in *Le Misanthrope* and Falconer in Henry Arthur Jones's *The Liars.* After a short rest he is to begin his career at the Manchester Library Theatre. Theatre-goers are warned to keep an eye on Mr. Brett, a lanky rocket of, we believe, great promise.

Right : (*below*) Miss Brune has been associated with theatre club revue since its post-war beginnings: she and her poodle, *Benzedrine* (who once appeared in a period wig), were in both the first Watergate and Irving Revues. Now, in *Reprise*—a sort of anthology of good numbers from all the intimate revues we remember—which is running at the New Watergate, she re-creates *Mister Henderson,* a character for which she has always been remembered by those lucky enough to see it. And *Benzedrine,* of course, appears as well.

JEREMY BRETT : For Carrying Off the Prizes at the Central School of Speech and Drama.

GABRIELLE BRUNE : For Bringing Back to Life One of the Most Touching Moments of Post-War Revue.

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN OF THE THEATRE—II: JOHN WHITING

John Whiting is one of the more controversial figures in the English theatre to-day. He is the author of three plays, *Saint's Day*, *A Penny For a Song*, and *Marching Song* (written in that order, though the second was produced first), none of which has been financially very successful, all of which the majority of dramatic critics have seemed a little to patronise, and all of which have since been treated as minor classics by the better repertory theatres and the University Dramatic Societies. *Marching Song*, which had a short run at the St. Martin's Theatre earlier this year, has already been adopted into next season's repertory by the Bristol Old Vic, and there is the possibility of two Continental productions. Many people have found the "symbolism" of *Marching Song* confusing, but this is hardly surprising, says Mr. Whiting, because there was very little symbolism in it; the confusion seems to have been largely self-created. At present he is working on a translation (for fun), and on a film script, but we shall hope that he does not cross over entirely into the film world—the theatre, after all, has not many dramatists with something positive to say and the energy to say it.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

RICHARD AFTON.

HELEN CHERRY.

MARGARET LEIGHTON.

ERIC ROBINSON.

T.V. PERSONALITIES: Richard Afton is another man who is rapidly graduating as a television veteran, having to date produced 267 shows. Though our critic has not always seen eye-to-eye with him, he acknowledges Mr. Afton to be one of television's few real showmen. Helen Cherry, the well-known actress, will be on the panel when *Guess My Story* is revived on July 4th, to replace *What's My Line?* which is being rested for the time being. Margaret Leighton, who will be remembered for delightful performances on television, is to give a poetry recital on July 5th of some of her favourite verse. She will be accompanied by the Wigmore Ensemble, who will play music by Tchaikovsky and others. Eric Robinson, one of television's best-loved personalities, who has built his own programme, *Music For You*, into one of the major successes, is approaching his thousandth television broadcast. He is equally at home with opera and be-bop.

The Insufficiency of Samples

I PROTEST. Albeit without heat, I protest against this regular practice of teasing viewers by giving them excerpts from current West End or Repertory Company productions. Without going as far as to say it is dishonest, it is certainly unfair.

What happens? We viewers are cut off from both the beginning and end of the play. Someone tells us how far the plot has progressed up to the beginning of the broadcast (and if there is anything more boring than to be told the plot of a play, I'd hate to know what it is). Then there follow forty-five minutes of action, at the end of which, just as we have become interested and are wondering what is going to happen in the end, the curtain is firmly rung down. The invited audience will, of course, see the end, but we licence-payers are left suspended, frustrated and aware that if we really do want to know how it all worked out, we must go along to the theatre in question and pay for our seats.

From the management's point of view this system is utterly delightful. The name of the piece and the theatre from which it comes are firmly underlined—giving invaluable publicity. Not only is it free publicity, but the B.B.C. pay very handsomely for the privilege of giving it! The actual figures were given me in confidence, which I will not betray. But I can assure you that a broadcast of part of a play from a theatre is not really cheaper than a studio production of the whole of one. The B.B.C. reimburse the management for the loss of a night's takings (for the broadcast may not take place with a paying audience in the theatre), the author gets his fee, and the cast are paid on a *pro rata* basis of their weekly salaries.

No wonder the managers are clamouring to get their shows on television. The effect on the box-office is magical. Shaky starts of a run have been turned into rip-roaring successes, and in one case I know of, a play which was about to be withdrawn had another three months added to its run by a televised excerpt. But how the viewers and the B.B.C. benefit is a mystery. Nor do I see the advantage to less fortunate authors and out-of-work actors.

NATURALLY, none of this applies to the very stellar programme which chiefly came from the Vanbrugh Theatre, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. This really was a fascinating occasion, featuring enough distinguished names to fill the rest of this column. *We Live to Please* was the title of the programme, produced by Eric Fawcett with his usual flair for making the difficult seem child's play. And the ex-students of R.A.D.A. who have now achieved star status, certainly did their best to please. To my mind three major points emerged. (1) What a wonderful actress Margaret Lockwood is—as instanced by her brief appearance as Liza Doolittle in Shaw's *Pygmalion*. (2) That—to quote Gilbert—"When everybody's somebody, then no one's anybody." Even the greatest talent cannot shine, if it is not given adequate opportunity to expand. In a gala show like this, it is inevitable that several great artists have to be content to play "bits." Well, bits remain bits—which is a lesson that should be taken to heart by any actor who imagines that he can be "better than his script." (3) The value of rehearsal. I won't say that this show was under-rehearsed, but I did notice the lack of absolute certainty which comes only from intensive practice.

Immediately afterwards, there was a delightful piano recital by one of my favourite actresses, Yvonne Arnaud—delightful in spite of a most maddening "technical hitch." But I could have wished that she had played a programme more worthy of her great musical artistry.

The Good Partners, which is the second of Iain MacCormick's plays in his cycle of four, *The Promised Years*, never really came to life for me. An American sergeant, involved in the Berlin Airlift, is forced to spend weeks away from his Italian and sensuous wife. So it is not surprising that she falls into the arms of one of those scientists who have escaped from behind the Iron Curtain. I don't blame the script, the production of Alvin Rakoff, or John Bailey, who gave a sensitive performance as the scientist. But Sheila Burrell and Paul Carpenter as the separated couple never convinced me that they cared the necessary hoots for each other.

By far the greatest thrill the television screen has given me for a long time was the exquisite dancing of Margot Fonteyn (partnered by Michael Somes) in scenes from the classic ballet, *Swan Lake*. *L'attaque impertinent*, the incredible assurance, the art that conceals art—these are the attributes of this wonderful ballerina. I could wish that Christian Simpson had given us more close-ups of her, for in those fleeting glimpses of her face—rapt and reflecting her deep emotion—there lay the secret of her greatness.

TO come? Well, there is a play by Peter Watling called *Wilderness of Monkeys*, which you can see on July 4th and 8th. It is rather an apt title for a plot which centres round the somewhat violent goings-on in a minor public school.

For subtlety we move to July 6th, when *Dr. Knock* is to be seen, transported to a remote Scottish village, by Robert Kemp, who has translated Jules Romains' classic. Is Knock a charlatan, or does he sincerely want to do good for suffering humanity—lining his pockets the while?

On July 12th there is another of the *You Are There* series. I find it somewhat whimsical that the script should be an American one, in view of the fact that the subject is the trial of Charles I. On the same evening, you can see one of the more hotly debated items in the repertoire of The Festival Ballet, *Alice in Wonderland*. *The Lover* (July 13th), by Martinez Sierra, can only be described as a trifle, but, in the right hands, may prove delightful.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

JESUS : Miss Anne Traill and Mr. S. Ball, College Captain of Boats.

JESUS : Miss P. Box and her fiancé, Mr. D. K. Hill, president of the University Boat Club.

JESUS : Miss Elizabeth Ann Willday and Mr. John Peppit.

May Balls at Cambridge

May Balls are held in June, by one of those confusing traditions that confound the student of British higher education. Inevitably, there are more dinner-jackets nowadays than tail-coats, but handsome young men and beautiful young women are still there a-plenty, and about the same number punt to Grantchester for breakfast the next morning. Our photographer visited Jesus, Emmanuel, and Trinity Colleges, and returned with these pictures in evidence of festivity and enjoyment.

Photographs by Stearn and Sons.

EMMANUEL : Mr. Christopher Collett (*left*), Miss Catherine Osler, Miss Anne Terdre, and Mr. John Griffiths.

EMMANUEL : Mr. Michael Chapman and Miss Joan Armour, who have only recently become engaged.

(*Left*) TRINITY : Mr. Edward Walker, Mr. Peter Lawson, Miss Ann Sealy, Mr. Geoffrey Lillie, Miss Caroline Lee-Mitchell, Mr. Robin Price, Miss Wendy Lillie, Mr. Timothy Bravington, Miss Josephine Thompson, and Miss Katrina Van Rhyn. (*Right*) EMMANUEL : Miss Ann Vernon, Mr. William Sloan, Miss Judy Page, Mr. J. Barry Mortimer, Miss Judy Lankester, and Mr. John Gardner.

Photographed by Anthony Buckley.

WE HAVE OUR GLAMOROUS GRANNIES, TOO . . .

This is a picture of Miss Dorothy Dickson. One of the reasons why we print it is to show that we have grandmothers of our own in these islands : we welcome imports from Hollywood, but we do not need them. Indeed, it makes our old, bleared eyes glow to an angry amber when British grandmothers are slighted, and, as Miss Marlene Dietrich, in an elegant red costume, tripped down the stairs of the Café de Paris at her much-publicised "Press Lunch" this month, and we were all asked to stand up, our old blood boiled and we stood up for Miss Dorothy Dickson, who is also an actress and also a grandmother, and looks very like Miss Dietrich, as a matter of fact. Miss Dietrich was born in Europe, but has made her home in America ; Miss Dickson was born in Kansas City, but has made her home and her career in England ; she is well known for her work in plays, musical comedies and revues. To make the whole thing more confusing, *both* Miss Dickson *and* Miss Dietrich appeared at the Night of a Hundred Stars on June 24th at the Palladium in aid of the Actors' Orphanage. Writing all this down hasn't made things any more clear to us, but we know where we stand on fundamental issues, and our last word is—Hands Off Our Grandmothers !

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Big Business and a Blue Cross

Executive Suite

(*Empire*)

HOLLYWOOD'S trouble for a good many years now has been that it *can* make good films but it so often won't. It is probably too much to hope that *Executive Suite* is a sign that reformation has set in, but at any rate here is a strong, well-made and exciting piece of work; in fact, that rare object nowadays, a good film.

It has been described as a Hollywood satire on Big Business, but I shouldn't be prepared to call it that myself. America has far too much respect for Big Business to satirize it, and although the film is primarily entertainment, it is obviously an entertainment with a serious purpose.

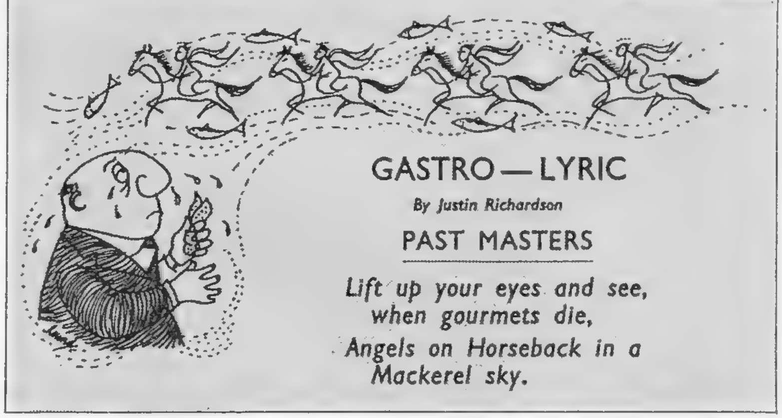
The story of what happens at the top levels of a vast business concern when the President dies suddenly without nominating a successor, may not sound the sort of stuff out of which one can make an exciting movie, but the taut script of Ernest Lehman and the crisp direction of Robert Wise have done just that: and a cast that includes Fredric March (in his finest performance since *One Foot in Heaven*), Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas, William Holden, Dean Jagger, Louis Calhern and Barbara Stanwyck, sees to it that every point is taken and every opportunity magnificently exploited.

The Tredway Corporation (which makes and sells furniture) has a board of seven directors, comprising five Vice-Presidents and two major stockholders: and as we follow the astute and furious lobbying for votes, culminating in the final and vital electoral meeting, the sense of tension builds and mounts to a remarkable degree.

The battle is joined between the sales side (quantity before quality) and the production side (quality at all costs), and this is clearly the argument behind the entertainment. If the somewhat sentimentally impassioned climax seems faintly unreal, it still leaves us with a film that has genuine content, good dialogue and controversial business philosophies.

The Rolls-Royce or the Tin Lizzie? The Balance Sheet or the creative craftsman? And always the clash of personalities, and the noble and not-so-noble intrigues and battles of vital human beings in a grim struggle for mastery.

Executive Suite is a film to see.



GASTRO—LYRIC

By Justin Richardson

PAST MASTERS

Lift up your eyes and see,
when gourmets die,
Angels on Horseback in a
Mackerel sky.

Father Brown

(*Plaza*)

THE question whether it would ever be possible to make a good film out of the works of G. K. Chesterton has not been answered by *Father Brown*; which is, I'm afraid, far from being a good one.

The screen play was written by a certain Thelma Schnee, aided and abetted by British director Robert Hamer, but even with the best will in the world, between them they have not achieved the half of what G. K. Chesterton himself wrote.

Based roughly—very roughly—on the first story in the Father Brown series, *The Blue Cross*, it is no more than a mildly sentimental and farcical affair about an English priest who "gambles" with a sacred relic for the soul of the French arch-thief, Flambeau.

Father Brown, in the course of the film, disguises himself as a woman, suffers from sea-sickness, breaks his spectacles, is handcuffed to a gendarme and gets himself trussed up in the Paris catacombs. In fairness, it must be admitted that eventually he does get both the Blue Cross and Flambeau where he wants them; the one on the wall of his parish church and the other, next to Joan Greenwood, repentant, in a pew.

Alec Guinness seems an odd choice for Father Brown. Not even "England's most versatile actor" can make himself look like "a Suffolk dumpling," nor mould himself into "an appearance shapeless and shabby, his face round and expressionless," without having a print to work from.

The truth is that, just as to write in paradox is not necessarily to write like Chesterton (who only stood on his head when he knew it was the right way up), to leave out common sense and the sense of authority from the character of Father Brown is also to leave out the most of Chesterton.

In Chesterton's stories, the colourless character of Father Brown, like his plain black clothes, is made to stand out against a background of tremendously gaudy colours. Chesterton started life as a wild artist whose chief delight lay in bold drawings splashed with swathes of bright gold and scarlet. His stories were always full of colour and a rich sense of atmosphere—great purple sunsets, little sweet-shops glowing like jewels, villains who fly like vampires or vanish like magicians, long suburban roads with an ending like the end of the world. And Father Brown saw it all as it really was, commonplace and wonderful, because he brought to it no colouring of his own, and was himself too humble ever to be humiliated.

It would be unreasonable to complain that Chesterton's Flambeau was caught out on a point of theology, while Miss Schnee's Flambeau is unmasked because he doesn't know that Catholic priests eat no meat on Friday. It would be ungenerous to protest that Father Brown's ironic sense of humour seems to have been borrowed extensively from Mr. Wodehouse's Mulliner stories. Probably in their transfer to the screen the Father Brown stories were bound to lose their peculiar flavour, just as their moral was bound to lose its point. But must a film have no shape, just because it has to be the wrong shape? Must it have no colour at all, just because it is not a colourable imitation of Chesterton?

Except to an ardent Chestertonian, there is nothing objectionable in the picture; but to the one who knows his sources, it may seem as blank and expressionless as the empty eyes and moon face of Father Brown.

Some Other New Films

TROUBLE IN THE GLEN

(*Gaumont*)

Some couple of years ago, Hollywood produced a great popular success called *The Quiet Man*, showing what happened when a stranger from America came back to Erin and the home of his ancestors. Presumably *Trouble in the Glen* is meant to do for Scotland what *The Quiet Man* did for Ireland. For the sake of British director Herbert Wilcox, for whose judgment of box-office values I have considerable respect, I hope—I say, I *hope*—it may work out that way.

Trouble in the Glen brings a South American land-owner (Orson Welles) back to the Highland castle of his forbears. He is a choleric man, with the complexion of a boiled lobster, and his heavy and repeated jibes at Scotland's customs, costumes, climate, speech and manners soon start a feud that proceeds from a rude word through poaching and fist-fights to dynamite.

Fortunately a beautiful influence is at work in the glen, in the form of a bed-ridden child who addresses her father (another American, North this time, and younger), as Sir Lancelot, and speaks of polio as a wicked spell. For her sake Sir Lancelot (Forrest Tucker) goes round righting wrongs, and gets the hand of the laird's daughter (Margaret Lockwood) in reward. In the end, of course, the lame child walks, the dynamite is put aside for another day, and Mr. Welles is even persuaded to don the kilt. Miss Lockwood has exchanged the head-scarf for a tartan tammie some reels earlier.

CHILDREN OF LOVE

(*La Continentale*)

An obviously sincere attempt by French director Leonide Moguy (*To-morrow is Too Late*) to say something of value about the problem of the unmarried mother. The substance of what he says is admirable; less to be admired is the way in which he says it. Set in a home for expectant mothers (and, it is only fair to add, very well acted), the film bears an unfortunate resemblance to every other film we've seen about girls in uniform, save for the particular contour of the female form.

Wedding Bells

THOMAS—DAVIES : At St. Michael's, Talley, Llandilo, Carmarthenshire, on June 1st : Miss Elizabeth Davies, daughter of the Mayor of Llandovery, to Mr. David Thomas, of Llanelly.

TURNER—GENTLE : At St. Mary's, Wimbledon, on June 5th : Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Francis Gentle, chief of the Greyhound Racing Association, to Mr. Peter Turner, of Chesterfield.

SAMUELSON—MAYER : At All Souls, Langham Place, on June 12th : Pauline, daughter of Sir Robert Mayer, to Mr. Peter Samuelson, stepson of Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian.

RAFFLES—SIEFF : At the New West London Synagogue, Bayswater, on June 9th : Sally, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sieff, assistant managing-director of Marks and Spencer, to Mr. Ralph Raffles of Manchester, the well-known winter sportsman.

CHEATLE—VAUGHAN DAVIES : At Temple Church, E.C.4, on June 5th : Joy, daughter of Major and Mrs. H. Vaughan Davies, of Oxford, and New Malden, to Mr. Denis Cheatle, son of Mrs. B. Cheatle, of Worcester Park.

MANN—STEVENSON : At St. John's, Edinburgh, on June 12th : Miss Helena Stevenson, of Ardeonaig, Killin, Perthshire, to Capt. Alexander Mann, M.C., 1st Bn. K.O.S.B., Co. Down.

WINN—LOYD : At St. Margaret's, Westminster, on June 10th : Miss Denise Loyd, of Oakhill, Isle of Wight, to the Hon. Derek Winn, son of Lord and Lady St. Oswald, of the Boltons, S.W.10.

PENNANT—LAURIE : At St. Mary's, Wavendon, Bedfordshire, on June 9th : Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Percy Laurie, to Lt.-Col. the Hon. Malcolm Pennant, son of Lord and Lady Penrhyn.

Mr. H. G. England, school games master, watches Mr. R. N. Corbett (captaining the Old Edwardians) and T. J. Carter (captaining the school team) tossing the coin.

Mr. W. B. Thompson (*left*), secretary of the Fourth Centenary Committee, with Mr. C. W. Bishop and Mr. C. E. Le Grand, secretary of the Old Edwardians Association.

In the pavilion, Mr. J. D. Pettit and Mr. M. J. Downer wait their turns to go in to bat for the Old Edwardians.

A School Celebration

The fine, modern buildings near Southampton Common which have housed the King Edward VI. School since 1938 are a far cry from the original little school founded in 1554 under the patronage of King Edward VI. and situated in Winkle Street, right in the old Town Wall itself, on the edge of Southampton Water. But "Edwardians" past and present are proud of their school's long tradition, and the fourth centenary festivities were well attended. The celebrations literally "bullied off" at 2.45 p.m. on Saturday, March 20th, when a school team played an Old Edwardians team at hockey. The following Friday was Prize-giving and Speech Day, and this was followed by a concert on March 30th, the Fourth Centenary Ball at the Polygon Hotel on April 22nd, the opening of the Centennial Exhibition on May 31st, a cricket match between Edwardians past and present v. M.C.C. on June 1st, a School Feast on June 2nd, Sports on June 3rd and the Founders' Day celebrations on June 4th. On June 5th, our photographer attended the School v. Old Edwardians cricket match, and the Flannel Dance in the School Hall which came after it.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by William Morris.

Mr. Ashley Tee and Mrs. John Koefod.

Mrs. K. D. Scanlan, Mr. Ray Wetton and Miss Ann Hardy.

Mr. A. J. Dear and Miss Sheila May.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Burnett.

Mr. Colin McCarraher (*left*), Chairman of Governors, with Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Bastick.

Prefect C. J. Herbert watches Mr. H. C. Littlejohn sign his name in the Fourth Centenary Commemoration Book.

Guests strolling in the grounds were Mr. Stanley Little and Mrs. Harold Muir.

The Headmaster, Dr. L. John Stroud (*right*), and his predecessor, Mr. A. S. Arnold, in the Library.

Mr. S. Stewart and Miss P. Keen.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Woodford.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Gould (*left*) and Mrs. L. John Stroud, wife of the Headmaster.

A general view of the Old Edwardians' Flannel Dance in the School Hall on Saturday, June 5th.

MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

THE MOTOR SHOW IN COMFORT: TWO SIDELIGHTS ON SECOND-HAND CARS: A SENSIBLE BOOKLET: SOME NEW GADGETS AND A NEW *HAWK*.

IT really is amazing how quickly time goes by! I am reminded of this by the arrival of the first information bulletin from the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders relative to the Motor Show. The opening date is October 20th, but the important item of news is that the Society have taken what I consider to be a very wise step. In recent years the crush has been great at Earls Court, and many people who wanted to make a detailed study of various cars have found it impossible and unpleasant. The S.M.M.T. have been well aware of this and they have increased the admission charges in an effort to cut the crowds, especially on certain days. On opening day, it will cost £1, with a reduction to 10s. after 5 p.m. On the second Tuesday, that is October 26th, the same rate will apply. Thus, if you want to see the show in greater comfort, book those days in your diary.

I hope no one criticises this on the grounds that it is making motoring a rich man's hobby! That used to be the cry, but it is certainly not true to-day. But writing on the point reminds me of a letter published in an evening paper from a Conservative M.P., who cannot, I feel sure, either like motoring or be anxious to gain the favour of motorists. He suggested that private motoring ought to cease and that, to gain this end, the licence should be in the region of £250! Maybe he was thinking in terms of keeping London's streets less clogged with traffic. Maybe he really means it. But I thought all people of that mind had by now realised that motoring is here to stay! And that it is far from being the pleasure of the wealthy. True, one has to have a good deal of money to face up to car ownership these days, but still a great many folk who would never class themselves as wealthy manage to own and run cars.

Used Cars

WRITING of the Motor Show reminds me of a discussion I had recently with a used-car dealer. He explained to me that he himself never sells a car retail, but deals in cars between one trader and another! He takes a profit out of each one, of course, the amount varying according to season. Now his worst season is the month or two leading up to the Motor Show. Not, it seems, because the autumn is upon us, but because people don't buy second-hand cars in that period until they have been to the show. They have no intention of buying a new car, but they like to study the new models before making up their minds which used one to buy, even if it be three or four years old. That's an odd fact, and I cannot really follow the reasoning.

I see that the British Motor Corporation are producing a scheme whereby used cars from their range will be sold by their main agents with some form of warranty. It will apply to cars three or four years old. They justify it by saying it is evidence of their faith in the useful life of their products. And, as most motorists buy their cars second hand, this will be widely welcomed, I know.

A Booklet on Road Safety

THE Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents has produced a booklet called *Turn to Better Driving*, and it really does set out behaviour for the driver which is sensible and useful. I sense the pen of true experience in *Turn to Better Driving*.

Commander Hawker, who is Principal of the R.S.P.A. Training Centre, tells me it has already achieved a circulation of close on 400,000, and maybe this has contributed to the better standard of driving which was reported officially during the Whitsun holiday period. The book costs only 6d. and I gather that some motor-car makers are putting a copy in every new car sold on the Home market. A very good idea!

"Sketch" Challenge Cups

On June 26th, at the Concours d'Elegance at Eastbourne, "The Sketch" Challenge Cup was presented to the car most highly placed in the Concours which had also completed the grueling test of the Rally held on the same day. "Sketch" Fashion Editress, Norah Owen, was one of the judges at the Concours. The Cup will be the subject of Annual Competition.

Below we show the G.B. Car Club Cup, also presented by "The Sketch" for the best and most sporting performance, irrespective of class, in the G.B. Car Club's London–Languedoc Touring Rally, which will run this year from July 9th until the 18th.

Gadgets

GADGETS always interest me; if one purchased all the good ones, however, one's car would be sagging at the springs. A new and novel gadget that caught my eye recently is the automatic device that switches the car lights on and off according to the strength of natural daylight. Now that's useful for many people who leave their cars out at night and have to keep lights burning. They will go on automatically at dusk and be switched off at dawn: No need to worry about lighting-up time when in a theatre or elsewhere. The device costs about £15.

Another aid to performance and economy rejoices in the splendid name of the H_2O Bomb. It adds a finely atomised water injection to the mixture, and does have an appreciable effect on the petrol consumption. Most drivers know how well one's car runs in the cool damp evenings after a hot day. That is due to the humidity, and this bomb, in effect, causes humidity all the time. I do congratulate the people concerned on their name. How topical. And I've always used the expression, "going like a bomb."

Another gadget which has taken my fancy is a device to aid cold starting. It heats the mixture as it passes into the manifold on its way to the carburettor. Thus, the mixture is very much more combustible and, under cold conditions, a start is bound to be much quicker and, indeed, more certain. The saving on the battery will be great, and that is so important in the winter. The heater will be switched off automatically when the engine warms up. The gadget will be a boon to anyone who has to leave his car out in the cold or use an unheated garage. It is due on the market shortly and has completed its prototype testing.

The New Humber "Hawk"

THE new Mk. VI. version of the Humber *Hawk* announced recently has a new engine, various body modifications and an over-drive transmission available as an optional extra. The *Hawk* has for long been a well-liked car, and the extra performance resulting from the increased engine power will enlarge its appeal, no doubt. The over-head valve unit bears some relationship to the well tried Sunbeam-Talbot unit, and this of course fits in with the sensible policy of cutting manufacturing costs within a group of manufacturers by the interchange of certain basic components.

The car is said to be capable of well over 80 miles per hour. The rear end has been restyled and the family likeness of the Humber and Hillman range is restored. The introduction of the Laycock–de Normanville over-drive on top gear as an optional extra is interesting. This gives drivers an added pleasure in motoring and also greater economy when over-drive is used virtually as top gear. I see Humbers have also increased the braking efficiency to deal with the higher speeds which this new *Hawk* can achieve, which is as it should be. It is a very clean-lined car with an attractive sturdiness and simplicity.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Contrast in Curves

Contrast in curves in Holland Park, where the London County Council is showing an exhibition of sculpture. *The Standing Woman*, by Archipenko, in white hydrostone, stands severely by a more softly curved model, in a black silk jersey afternoon dress. This dress, with long bat-wing sleeves, loose bodice and full skirt, clasped with a jewelled belt, is by Monbijou, price 20 gns., from Woollands, Knightsbridge; and Marshall and Snelgrove, Manchester. The large black straw sun-hat is from Marshall and Snelgrove, London.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Contrast in Curves

IN the mood for romance, against the background of beauty, which is Holland Park, Kensington, where the sculpture of the future is set off against the rich and changeless past, we show three dresses which demonstrate the glamorous and practical qualities of cotton as a fabric.

Designed for the enchantment of summer nights, a blossom-white, short evening dress, with a whirling, tiered back to the skirt, high neck, and swooping, low-cut back. In organdie, flocked with sprays of flowers. By Neil Roger, in the Salon, at Fortnum and Mason.

Informal, almost from another era, a dress made in flowered chintz, sequin-spattered, with a low-cut bodice, ribbon-circled waist, and full skirt over a mist of mauve organdie petticoats. By Motley, St. Martin's Lane. In contrast are the severe lines of Barbara Hepworth's *Image*.

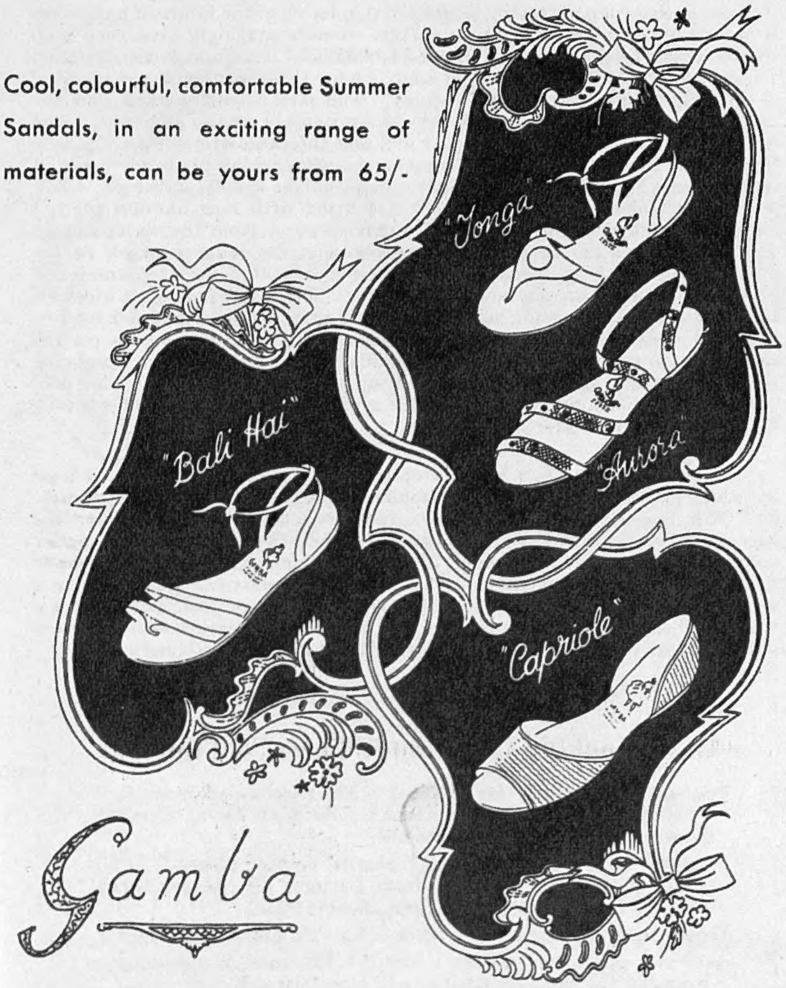
A summer afternoon dress in white cotton satin, printed with full-blown blue roses. The skirt is wide, over petticoats, the bodice sleeveless, with a low, scooped neck, blue double-breasted buttoning, the waist nipped with a blue, stiffened ribbon belt. By Janet West, Brook Street. *The Pigeons*, in white marble, is by Sir Jacob Epstein.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

We love to try the new fabrics, the experiments, the mixtures, the excitement of new textures, new treatments, but it is with luxury and remembered pleasure that we return to an old friend, silk. A simple, young dress is shown, in pure silk crêpe-de-chine, in pastel shades, flower-sprigged. It has cap sleeves, jutting pockets at the waist, and a straight skirt. By Roecliff and Chapman, price 10½ gns., from Marshall and Snelgrove. The bronze is Henri-Georges Adam's *Horned Beast*.

Cool, colourful, comfortable Summer Sandals, in an exciting range of materials, can be yours from 65/-



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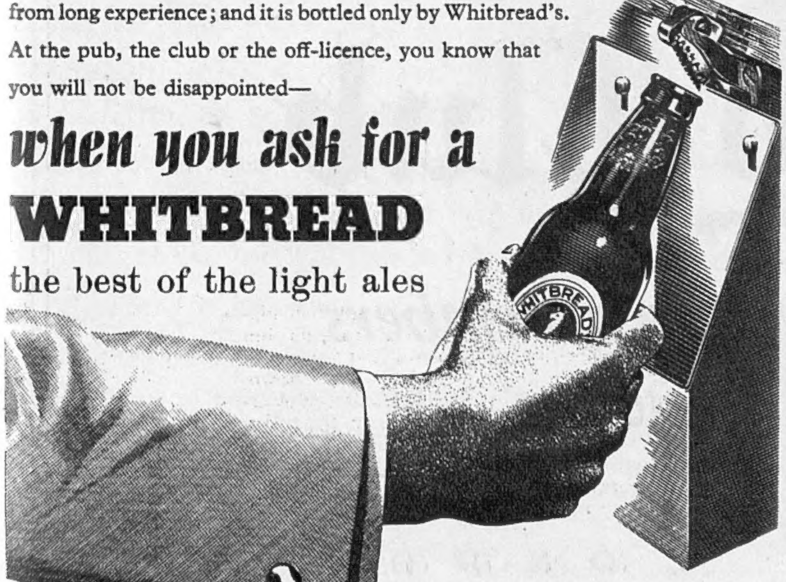

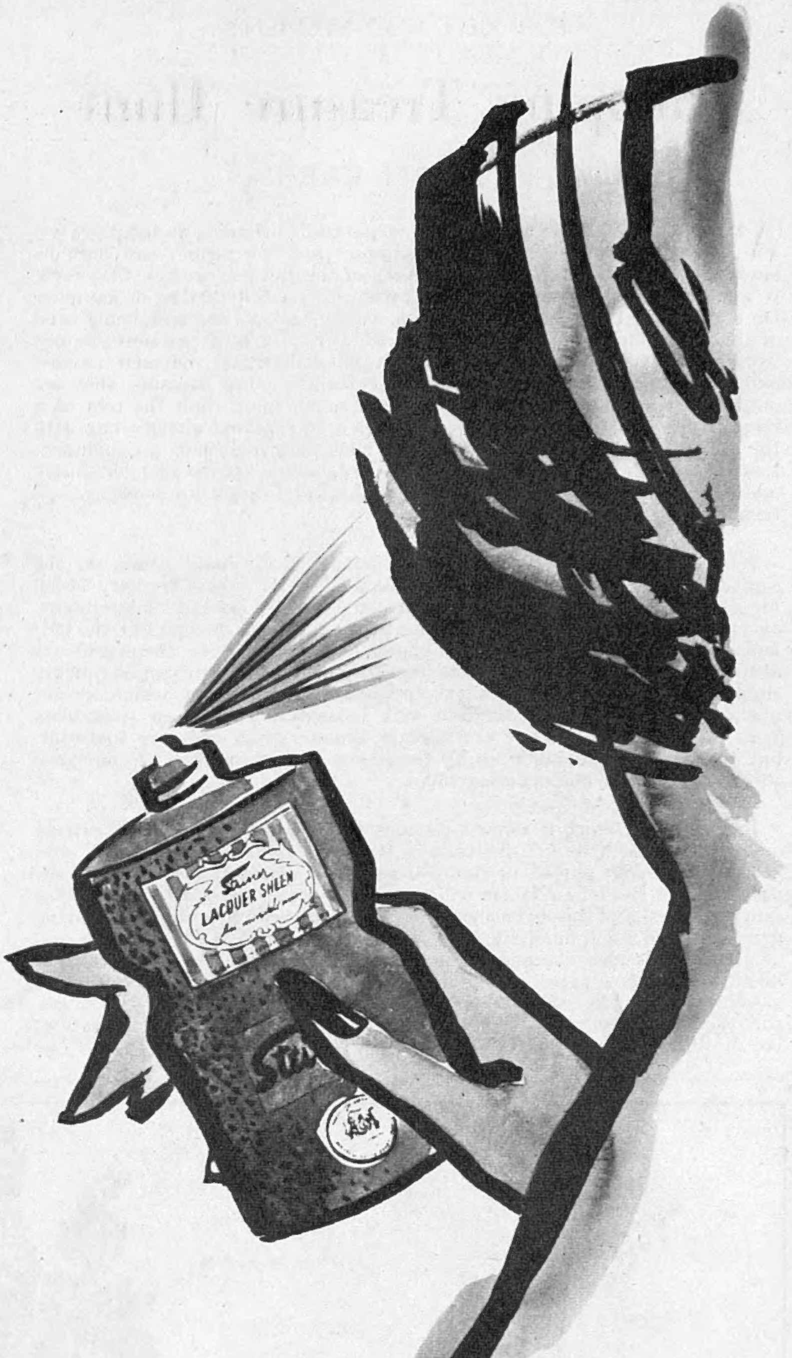

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

ALTHOUGH turkeys are as much a part of Christmas as bagpipes are of Scotland, it is foolish to suppose that the former can only be enjoyed in December or the latter North of the Border, or even that there is something odd in reading about turkeys on a hot (!) day in summer. On a go-ahead Buckinghamshire farm, young turkeys are now being bred of a size suitable to the average household, and these birds are sent straight from the farm to the housewife at any time of the year. Dressed, trussed and ready to roast, and averaging 7 lb. in weight before dressing, they are only thirty shillings each, delivered—not much more than the cost of a large chicken ! Each turkey is supplied in a transparent airtight bag with the giblets packed separately, and even cooking instructions are included. I can vouch for the succulence of these birds which can be sent off to any address at 48 hours notice. Heavier turkeys, all ready for roasting, can be supplied for larger households.

* * *

Newly imported into this country, but used for many years on the Continent, are some all-rubber shoes called *Cloggees*. These are very useful for gardening and outdoor work and can be worn instead of gumboots, except when you need to protect your legs. Although shaped like the old-fashioned clogs they have nothing else in common with them and are absolutely waterproof as well as being easily cleaned. They can be quickly slipped on and off, but they don't slip when worn. *Cloggees*, which are not overshoes, are supplied complete with loose warm liners in sizes from 3–12 (no half-sizes). They are slightly broader than ordinary footwear, but as extra room is taken up by the liners, the normal size of your shoe should be stated when ordering them.

* * *

I don't know which is worse—putting on a damp bathing-suit or sitting on a damp deckchair. Nowadays if you "pays your money" you needn't take your choice, as damp deckchairs, anyway, are things of the past. A new deckchair fabric will not absorb water even if left out in the rain for hours, and the surface water can be shaken off in a moment, leaving it dry enough for immediate use. This fabric, which is really tough and long-lasting, is also claimed to be rot-proof, rust-proof and fadeless. It doesn't mind sea-water and is none the worse for long exposure to a scorching sun. The material can be bought in deckchair lengths of 50 ins. and the necessary tacks for fixing it to the chair (a simple operation) are supplied with it.

If the success of a plaything is measured in terms of the hours of happiness it can provide—surely the ultimate test—I unhesitatingly give very high marks indeed to the *Ponti* play pool for children. These pools are designed for use in private gardens, on flat roofs, or for the seaside and are made of a specially prepared rot-proof canvas. The pool is easily filled and the water, being above the ground, warms up quickly in the sunshine. The depth of the water can be varied at will and the pools are safe for children of all ages, from eighteen months upwards. *Ponti* play pools are made in five different sizes, and all are easily carried in the special valise provided. The two smallest sizes, for toddlers, are fitted with four handles so that they can be filled in the sea and then carried away from the water's edge. For adults there are portable bathing pools on the same principle as the *Ponti* pools ; these *Sportapools* vary in size from 6 ft. 6 ins. in diameter to 15 ft., and larger sizes can be made to order. The smaller sizes are ideal for teaching children to swim, while the larger sizes are deep enough to dive into, either from steps or from a spring-board. Each *Sportapool* is packed in a stout canvas valise and may be readily transported by car. Emptying pipes are fitted, and couplings for hose pipes are available. The pool can be easily filled by one person with a garden hose, for the sides lift by themselves as the water rises.

* * *

I remember that, when I was a child, my mother had a small cushion to which she was particularly attached which was known irreverently as "Mrs. Sausage." Visions of Mrs. Sausage's feathery-softness, and the succession of beautiful covers which kept her comforting curves under control, came back to me when I met her modern counterpart—made not of glowing silk or satin but "laminated plastic." Although not my friend of yesterday, it is in many ways more practical, especially for travelling—as it folds up into no space at all, and inflates into a curved shape specially designed to fit comfortably behind the user's neck.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

Young turkeys ready for roasting : 30s. ; delivered from P. P. Poultry Ltd. (Direct Sales Dept.), The Bury Farm, Chesham, Bucks. Telephone : Chesham 617.

Cloggees : Sizes 3–5 18s. 6d. a pair plus 1s. postage ; Sizes 6–12 20s. a pair plus 1s. 6d. postage ; from Carters, 134, Regent Street, W.1, or E. J. Woodman and Sons, Pinner, Middx.

Tygan deckchair fabric : 11s. 9d. a roll ; Whiteleys ; Selfridges.

Ponti play pools for children : from £4 13s. to £15. *Sportapools* : from £21 10s. to £112, according to size ; Harrods.

Telekush : 3s. 11d. ; Harrods.

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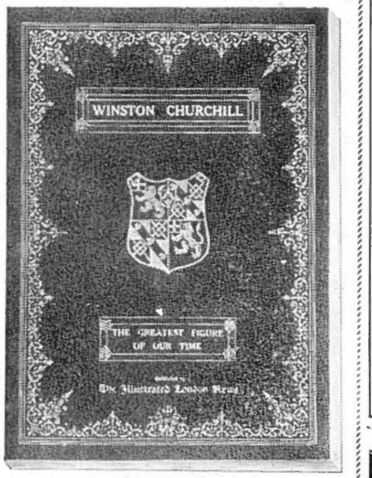

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" MY DEAR FELLOW, A *THOUSAND* CONGRATULATIONS ! "
" THANKS AWF'LY ! WE BOTH PWOPOSED LAST WEEK, YOU KNOW, AND SHE ACCEPTED — A — *HIM* ! "

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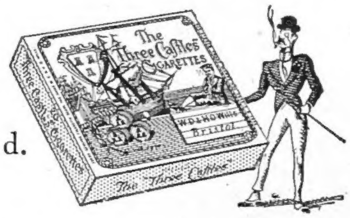

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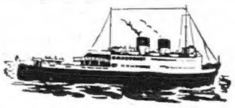

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